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The third article by Dr. J. Holland Rose on "German Misrepresentations" will appear in the SATURDAY REVIEW next week.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The drill-sergeant was never needed in this country as he is needed to-day to ram discipline into the more lax classes—the endless cigarette-puffing and the best-girling, the button-bedizened class of young men especially. We fear that no amount of coaxing and wheedling and visiting and gentle pushing by tentative-committee-this and by by-and-by-commission-or-inquiry—that can possibly get this most wholesome cleansing of all medicines in the pharmacy of life, the medicine of discipline, into their bodies and minds. Licence—that is exactly the disease of a large class of irresponsibles to-day; and one cannot intelligently observe the life of London in crowded places to-day without being deeply impressed by this fact.

There is fortunately a very sound side to the nation, the men who have answered the call or are working at really essential things at home. There is a great multitude of women who are nursing and succouring the wounded and maimed, organising the charities, or scientifically—and therefore economically—managing the homes of the nation. All these have accepted discipline in one vital form or another. But there is still terribly perceptible—except to certain false flatterers and smooth talkers among our public men and publicists—a shocking and a large class, both sexes, of the licensed and the undisciplined. They are the peril and disgrace of the country.

The German Press—accurately representing in this the German people—has derived of late an exquisite pleasure out of two events in England—namely, the strike of the South Wales miners and the fierce opposition of a group of Socialists and extreme Radicals to the idea of National Service. The German Press assumes an almost paternal and affectionate attitude

towards both. Fully accredited representatives of these two movements in England would if they visited Berlin to-day be lunched and toasted with even more gusto than the gentlemen were lunched and toasted a few years ago who went over to cement the bonds of eternal friendship and love between Great Britain and Germany and to start the great naval disarmament policy for Great Britain and the reign of peace on earth with a cosmopolite constabulary, whose duty it would be if any Power grew minatory to ask it humanely to move on.

The Emperor of Russia has taken supreme command of his Army and Navy, and the Grand Duke Nicholas, hitherto Commander-in-Chief, has been appointed Vice-roy of the Caucasus and Chief of the Caucasian Army. The Tzar's rescript addressed to the Grand Duke explains that the Emperor at the beginning of the war was unavoidably prevented from putting himself at the head of the Army. So he entrusted the Grand Duke with the Commandership-in-Chief of all the land and sea forces. "Under the eyes of the whole of Russia your Imperial Highness has given proof during the war of stedfast bravery, which has caused a feeling of profound confidence. . . . My duty to my country, which has been entrusted to me by God, impels me to-day, when the enemy has penetrated into the interior of the Empire, to take the supreme command of the active forces and to share with my Army the fatigues of war and to safeguard with it Russian soil from the attempts of the enemy. The ways of Providence are inscrutable, but my duty and my desire determine me in my resolution for the good of the State." The same note of ardent patriotism sounds in the order addressed by the Grand Duke to the troops. "To-day our August Chief, His Majesty the Emperor, has put himself at your head. I express to you my cordial and sincere gratitude. I firmly believe that, as the Tzar himself, to whom you have sworn allegiance, is leading you, you will perform fresh exploits. I am convinced that God will grant to His elect His Almighty help in securing victory."

Meanwhile the enemy continues the development of his campaign. He presses heavily on the Russian centre. South-west of Wilna he is busy amid the lake districts round Troki Lowe. South-east of Grodno he has taken Wolkowisk, a railway junction of strategic value; and northwards, between Wolkowisk and Jeziory, he advances. Our military correspondent reviews the position carefully, and it is evident that the noble endurance of our Ally has to face new and grave trials. The Tzar himself tells us so in his new arrangements, and his presence in the field will be a constant inspiration to his troops. At this moment, too, very important work awaits the Grand Duke in his new command on the Southern front, where he replaces a veteran statesman, Count Vorontzoff Dashkoff, who is suffering from overwork and failing health.

There seems to be no doubt that General Alexeiff is now the Tzar's right-hand adviser. He played a very important part during the crisis of the Russo-Japanese War, when the Tzar, tired of receiving advice from a chaos of opinions, chose Kuropatkin as his Commander-in-Chief and Alexeiff as Chief of the Staff. A plebeian by birth, Alexeiff fought against many disadvantages and won for himself a very distinguished position in the Russian Navy. His character blends tact and patience with swift decision and unyielding tenacity; he has in full the Tzar's confidence. Like Lord Kitchener, he is a great organiser—and a bachelor. It is cheering that the changes in the Russian command should have heralded a cheering Russian success in Galicia, near Tarnopol, where the enemy's Third Guard Division, and the Forty-eighth Reserve Division, with an Austrian Brigade, have met with a severe repulse, losing thirty guns and about eight thousand prisoners. The Austrians minimise this action, declaring that the Russian advance at Tarnopol with superior forces was partly driven back.

The Trades Union Congress has tried to put some old fun into the monotonous perils of a long war. Not only has it deigned to approve the war, but its ambition has been like that of Bottom the Weaver, who enjoys the Ercles vein, and volunteers to act all the parts in "the most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby". Sometimes the Congress has spoken "in a monstrous little voice", sometimes it has "roared you as gently as any sucking dove", and sometimes it has tried to "move storms". "My chief humour is for a tyrant", it declared to National Service. "I can play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split." One delegate—a very excellent Bottom the Weaver—said with fervour: "I could stop this talk about conscription. Take half-a-dozen of the most prominent newspaper proprietors and hang them on the nearest lamp post. I don't think you'd hear much about conscription after that. This is the way to deal with these gentlemen in war time." Here is the Ercles vein; and it shows gratitude to France and Russia, whose conscription has granted us thirteen months in which to train armies. Even Mr. Ben Tillett imagined that National Service would interfere with the output of munitions—the evil done by hulking selfishness, sloth, and by trade union practices. Not a speech at the Congress—except Mr. Tillett's—rose above the level of an ordinary debating club. Leadership in a time of war is a simple thing: it needs anarchy among colliers and veiled threats from cosy trade unionists. But for Mr. Lloyd George, whose telegram and speech forced truth into the stereotyped chattering, the Congress might have done much harm.

Yes, unquestionably, it was Mr. Lloyd George who brought the Congress face to face with the real business of a life-or-death war. The delegates had recognised no outstanding truth of vital consequence to ourselves and to our Allies; had talked flatulently and foolishly on many matters, and had accused the

Government of disloyalty to a bargain. They had failed even to admit that our country, which has suffered less from the war than any other belligerent, has suffered more than any other from labour squabbles and humiliations. Deliberately they asked to be plunged into a cold bath of truth, and Mr. Lloyd George, with his usual courage, dropped them into the well of truth and gave them a necessary shock. Then he pulled them out again, patted them kindly on the back, and told them to remember that the German advance in Russia is a victory for German trade unionism, and that inadequate material means defeat. "With you", he said, "victory is assured; without you our cause is lost". This applies to every section of the community, and not merely to labour. If the women "give in", if they decline to bear the heart-losses of an essential war, then defeat is assured. Our national efforts need the orchestration of an even and a thorough self-denial; and it has even been suggested that the profits and the wages of every uncontrolled industry ought to be advertised quarterly, if not monthly. The fact that a great many workmen, after thirteen months of national danger, do not appreciate the circumstances of their country's peril, despite thousands of speeches and millions of newspaper appeals—this fact, and the searching truths spoken by Mr. Lloyd George, prove that our insular democracy must be left with no excuse for the pampering of false suspicions and of prejudices.

"This is a war of material", said Mr. Lloyd George. "We are making prodigious efforts to increase our war material in order to give our gallant men fair play. We have set up 16 national arsenals. We are constructing 11 more. We require 80,000 more skilled men [owing to foolish, haphazard enlistment, no doubt] and 200,000 unskilled. This country at the present moment is not doing its utmost. Only fifteen per cent. of the machines for turning out rifles, cannon, and shells are now working at night. We cannot equip our armies in time unless organised labour is prepared to assist. If the attitude of the Woolwich engineers is to be adhered to, we are making straight for disaster. The Government might just as well abandon their programme, the programme which is essential to victory". Proof after proof of folly in the conduct of organised Labour was brought forward by Mr. Lloyd George, and forced into the conscience of the Congress. "You are the leaders of organised Labour", he declared. "The responsibility is yours. I beg you do not set the sympathy of the country against Labour by holding back its might with the fetters of regulation and custom. I beg of you—cut them". Never before has the Trades Union Congress heard such piercing truths! Never before has it been pulled away from its habitual claptrap in order to learn what its duties demand from it in the great drama of international events.

Mr. Balfour's letter on Germany's methods and aims at sea proves, not without irony, that whatever may be thought about the "freedom of the seas" in any of its various meanings the freedom of the Land is due in no small measure to British ships and British sailors. German statesmen and the German Navy League have kept this fact well in mind during their seafaring propaganda; and their desire for "neutralised seas" has been, and is still, a desire to free themselves from the British Navy and its discipline. So far, however, they have achieved nothing more than the degradation of their sailors, who have been set to do coward jobs, and who "know well enough that in the old days, which we are pleased to regard as less humane than our own, there was not a privateersman but would have thought himself disgraced had he sent to the bottom unresisting merchant ships with all hands on board".

Nothing less than hopes of a decisive success could have induced the German Ministers to plot and plan wholesale murder on the high seas. No such success has come to them. "The losses inflicted on German

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submarines have been formidable", and at this moment British mercantile tonnage is greater than when the war began. German submarines, according to M. Pierre Mille, are now manned by volunteers, because other crews have flatly refused to go on board. And Mr. Balfour admits that the submarine criminals have suffered a heavy toll.

The Allan liner "Hesperian" was torpedoed at 8.20 on Saturday night off the coast of Ireland, 130 miles west of Queenstown. She sailed on Friday from Liverpool to Montreal, carrying 314 passengers and a crew of about 250. The loss of life is said to be twenty-five: one first-class woman passenger, Miss Carberry; six second cabin passengers, six third-class, and thirteen of the crew. The "Hesperian" kept afloat thirty-four hours, then sank close to the spot where the torpedoing took place. Though every crime is certain to be recognised as a blunder, yet Germany postpones this recognition as long as she can, and allows her actions in our home waters to give the lie to her repentance in Washington and New York. Meantime there are German submarines to be caught; and the less we say about those which have been sent to the bottom the more carefully we shall keep in touch with the reticence that sailors like and practise.

An American journalist has been privileged to see our Grand Fleet. It is impossible to guess why no English writer accompanied him, or why the name of a certain harbour has been published. For strategic reasons the publication of this name seems a mistake. In other respects Mr. Frederick Palmer is a discreet writer; and his account of the huge Dreadnoughts going to sea in the dusk of evening is impressive. "Entranced, one still watched the spectacle, with the head of the Fleet lost in the mist of approaching night-fall and the black clouds from the funnels. Eight, sixteen, twenty Dreadnoughts were counted as they went past with clockwork regularity, and out of other smoke-clouds in the harbour more Dreadnoughts were coming before the King Edward VII. and other pre-Dreadnought classes had their turn."

We said last week that the celebration by the American Press of Germany's penitence in regard to the sinking of passenger ships was hardly in accord with the facts. There have been, from first to last, no signs of penitence in the German Government. Such safety as neutral crews and neutral passengers will enjoy on the seas will be due, in the future as in the past, not to any penitence or generosity of the German Government, but to the strength and efficiency of the British Navy. Absolute safety neutrals cannot hope to enjoy so long as Germany reckons that she can do more mischief to her enemies by open violence on the sea than by winning diplomatic advantages among the neutral Powers. Last week the German calculations wavered towards diplomatic advantage. Germany was really trying to mislead and to bemuse America. Whereupon Great Britain—rightly and justifiably—pointed the moral of this and exposed the truth of the position.

Germany has now gone back to sheer barbarism. There is an undoubted fling of bravado in the violent reversal by Germany this week of her previous manœuvres. Germany is anxious to assure the world that the German Fleet, when she likes, can still sink without warning unarmed and unresisting vessels. No one doubted this for a moment. Nor does anyone doubt to-day that the old German programme of blockade and attrition by submarine has failed as a ruling factor in the war. The British Fleet has the German submarine "well in hand", and the Germans will eventually discover that their submarine excesses are, as Mr. Balfour describes them, "blunders" as well as "crimes". Meantime we must make up our minds to continue hearing, at intervals, as before, of the torpedoing of British ships.

How it strikes America remains to be seen. The German representatives have misled, not, we imagine, President Wilson, but, at any rate, the American Press and a large section of the American public. There are also the coincident misdemeanours of Dr. Dumba, who has been caught flagrantly conspiring to effect strikes and disturbances in American munitions factories. What will be the cumulative effect of these events? No belligerent observer can usefully hazard an opinion. Frankly, the diplomatic position seems better than it was a week ago. Even Germany, though she is very adroit and unscrupulous, cannot murder American citizens and win golden opinions at Washington.

The Serbian Note has been handed to the representatives of the Entente Powers at Nish. Since the last decisive meeting of the Skuptchina there has been little doubt as to the attitude, in the main, of Serbia. She is prepared, in a general way, to smooth the path for an agreement with Bulgaria. The Serbian Government and nation have the wisdom and imagination at this time to take long and broad views. Serbia, alone of all the Balkan Powers, has a direct interest in respecting the Treaty of Bukarest; but even Serbia now agrees that it cannot really be defended. Not upon the lines of this unfortunate Treaty can any adequate settlement of the Balkan problem be found.

The Zeppelin raid on Wednesday night—the second this week—was the twentieth of a dastardly series. Since 14 April, when aircraft bombarded Blyth and Tyneside, there have been sixteen attacks: four in April, four in May, three in June, three in August, and two in the first week of September. The casualties on Wednesday night were twenty killed, fourteen seriously wounded, and seventy-two injured. Six children were slain and thirteen wounded. Germany will be satisfied. On Tuesday ten persons were killed and forty-three injured, twenty seriously. The raid on London was received calmly. The writer of this note watched the uncanny movement of a Zeppelin high up near a plot of cloud; she shone like silver through a film of mist, and looked quite serpentine as she moved through the fluctuating light, stars twinkling behind her, and searchlight, presumably, playing upon her. All at once she tilted upwards, slowly and gracefully, and was soon lost to sight behind the cloud.

This week news from the Western Front has been mainly a continuation of the same bombardment of the German lines, diversified by a heavy German attack in the Argonne, which, after some success, was repulsed. Ostend has been bombarded by a combined fleet of French and British air machines; and some French squadrons have attacked the railway stations of Metz and Dieuze, the enemy aviation ground at Saint Medard, and the German military works at Frescaty. Meantime General Joffre has visited the Italian front to discuss affairs with General Cadorna. He is certain that "the Italian Army is marching with sure steps to the definite victory which the Allied nations will succeed in winning together".

The accident to General Sir Desmond O'Callaghan has caused sorrow to everyone who knows him. No more devoted and entirely unselfish man has been working for the public service since the war began. *Rebus in arduis facile est contemnere vitam* is true enough of many men, but Sir Desmond O'Callaghan's example is better than that—he has shown how it is possible in hard fortune to be always full of help and good cheer. We hope his recovery will be quick and complete.

Lately the "Westminster Gazette", by means of one of its anonymous correspondents, described the SATURDAY REVIEW as "The Organ of the Conscriptionists". One good nickname deserves another: may we suggest as a suitable sub-title for the "Westminster Gazette" "The Organ of the Shirkers"?

LEADING ARTICLES.

LABOUR AND THE WAR.

IT is characteristic of our time—a time which levels downwards, not upwards—that a new and starved meaning has been given to the word “Labour”. In the past Labour meant braincraft no less than handicraft, and its best achievements were of two sorts: the birth of children and the production of genius. To-day, on the other hand, Labour means hand work only, just manual toil and drudgery; brainwork is regarded as a thing apart, instead of being looked upon as its motive-power. Worse still, our expert workmen are often attendants on machines who do bits of important jobs; so their labour is below that of the old craftsmen who loved their “cunning” as a “mystery”, as a secret to be treasured. A genuine craftsman of to-day has no wish to be a member of the working classes; he calls himself an artist, just because he directs his toil with thought, initiative, and design. His pride is a snob no doubt, but it marks a rebellion against the levelling downwards through which Labour is passing. When Thackeray praised the art of C. R. Leslie, R.A., he described with joy how his old friend “laboured”, choosing a verb that implied much more than mere work. At present we speak differently. The results of an artist’s labour are described as his “technique”, or his “style”, or his “technical inspiration”; and few seem to regret the banishment of labour to the social classes whose work is a habit, usually free from the initiative of thought. These classes, as a rule, have a poor opinion of brain-workers; they remain loyal to their very dim old lamps; and year after year they hash up their aged political programmes, as if they wished to keep as far off as possible from Imperial affairs. This week, for instance, at the Trades Union Congress the routine of talk was an ancient comedy, flat, stale, and unprofitable. M. Gustave Hervé says of it: “I do not know where my English comrades have found their bleating Socialism”. But he might have guessed. It comes from three sources: a custom of thoughtless repetition, very cramped party politics, and insular pride. M. Hervé lives in a country where Labour has been nationalised by a perilous frontier, not pensioned to free-and-easy opinions.

We know, of course, that the delegates of Labour at a congress do not represent the working classes as a whole. They represent only the battle forces of Labour, which are partly industrial, partly political. They speak for the conscript militancy of organised trade unions, and they fear and hate any other disciplined social order which might set limits to the insular aims now upheld by their regulations. But the delegates do not represent the million trade unionists who are soldiers also, and who learn from an enlarged patriotism inspired by war how to see in perspective what their country needs. It is evident, too, from the talk heard in trains, in ‘buses, and at recruiting campaigns, that our British working men are often far in advance of their “leaders” and delegates.

None the less we have to deal with organised Labour as a fighting force, as a conscripted political army. It claims to possess three million men, and is thus the most formidable organisation in the British Isles. It needs a counterpoise, of course, and the best one would be a union of brainworkers, not less numerous nor less militant and disciplined. The history of the last ten years has proved that organised Labour without a counterpoise has not been a friend to our national

safety. Again and again it has opposed the Navy, for example; and it has been a huge engine for keeping political discussion on a low personal level, and for ruling politicians through their fear of losing votes and elections. Its delegates have no humour, for they wish to democratise Oxford and Cambridge to the level of the South Wales miners; and they have no logic, for they rail against the alleged evils of secret diplomacy in foreign affairs while discussing always in secret their own plans and tactics. This week, again, in the fourteenth month of war, they parade their self-importance by approving the glorious cause for which the British Empire fights. It seems to them that our Allies will be greatly impressed. Imagine how the French will laugh. Their irony will play for weeks with this new frolic of British Labour.

Still, the Trades Union Congress has acted in accordance with its familiar routine. Its president, Mr. Seddon, in his opening address, was a bold devotee of hackneyed sayings. “We are convinced”, said he, “that the war is a death-struggle between two systems that cannot co-exist if freedom is to be anything more than a name”. But he forgot to explain how the German system is to be overcome by British strikes. Nor did he tell the world why British Labour in the years past declined to study the German system, and abused every Englishman who drew attention to its evident evils. It was easier for Mr. Seddon to be unhistoric. Instead of telling the Congress that the German system of aggression has been active since 1848, and that it has represented the German character and its ambitions, he tried to find safety in another flat commonplace: that the German system must be “destroyed”. Nonsense may be in place at the beginning of a war, but Mr. Seddon ought to know that the German character and its products cannot be destroyed. Germany tried to destroy France in 1870-71, and with what result? Defeat strengthened and intensified the French character—except among paid politicians. If the German character, after a defeat in this war, is to be held in check, then for many years the strategic points in Germany must be garrisoned by ourselves and our Allies. That militant Labour, with its passion for strikes, should believe it possible to destroy the barbaric militancy of a vigorous Empire is Gilbertian farce. But a Congress—at Bristol or at the Hague—enjoys humbug and make-believe.

“It’s war we’re in, not politics”, quoted Mr. Seddon, as a fitting prelude to noisy abuse of “profiteers and pseudo-patriots”, of “financial vultures that bled the workers”, and of other alleged political foes. Yet he forgot to explain why a capitalist who earned high profits out of a vast war deserved more censure than the prosperous Labour that strikes for higher wages. Strikes have come not from those who have been badly hit by the war, but from those whose wages have risen greatly through the war. Mr. Seddon tries to fix the shame of strikes on the conscience of employers, but the public is an equitable judge and jury. Profit is the wages of capital, and the South Welsh coalowners—unlike their men—were willing to obey the Munitions Act. And there is another point to be remembered: that organised Labour is never willing to bear the losses of bad trade. It fights for a one-sided partnership that is a “profiteer” and never a positive loser. If miners from their strike funds financed their own collieries, how different their attitude to industrialism would become! To risk money as well as toil is to find in human nature the

same old capitalist, who wants wages for his toil and profits for his adventurous money.

As for the greed that seeks large profits in a time of war, it is immoral, and as such it is condemned by the Munitions Act, which limits profits in "controlled establishments". No fewer than 714 firms are now under control, and no employer has raised an outcry against this new and necessary discipline. It is Labour that fights on for its old bad customs. Indeed Mr. Lloyd George sent a telegram to the Congress that corrected the ardour of Mr. Seddon, whose "financial vultures" were in the air, not in the 714 controlled firms. And Mr. Lloyd George begged the president to "persuade the trade unions throughout the country to carry out *their* part in the bargain by suspending during the war all regulations and practices which have the effect of restricting the output of material so urgently required for the protection of our gallant troops at the Front and for the achievement of victory". What a cold bath of truth after much fustian and vainglory! Mr. Seddon was shocked, and sent a challenge to the Minister of Munitions, asking him to explain matters personally before the Congress. It was generous of Mr. Lloyd George to accept the challenge, and the country is grateful to him. For the rest, "financial vultures", with a reputation for "bleeding the workers", have set official Labour an excellent example of patriotic self-denial; and soon, let us hope, nothing more will be heard about trade unionist suspicions.

No other incident at the Congress has any real interest to the public. Many of the speeches are hardy annuals flavoured with a new party spite; but in the long run war educates, and the delegates of Labour in the wording of their decisions leave room for necessary education. Let us hope, then, that the South Wales miners will keep before their minds the fact that they are pensioners of the Army and Navy; and also that the public, their paymaster, can tolerate no more of their anarchy. One speaker at the Congress said that the men in the battle-lines ought to be consulted. We agree. A referendum in the Army and Navy would pass judgment on half-a-dozen important matters, ranging from strikes to the perilous "literature" circulated by the National Labour Press, Limited, of London and Manchester. That stay-at-homes alone at the present time should shape the national policy is unfair, ungrateful, and far too insular. If the Trades Union Congress had understood its humble position as a Congress of stay-at-homes, always dependent on soldiers and sailors, on lost lives and splendid valour, its deliberations would have been quiet and modest, not loquacious and overweening. A delegate suggested that his political opponents should be hung up by the neck on the nearest lamp-post—though the war has confirmed the good sense of their propaganda, while convicting organised Labour of much harmful indiscretion.

THE FOLLY OF BELITTLED THE ENEMY.

WE wonder, has it never flashed on the people here who make light of German skill in Flanders and of Turks in Gallipoli that they are paying a wretched compliment to the glorious British Army? If it were a fact that any day we could break the line of the enemy in Flanders, that we are always on the verge of "getting through" at Gallipoli, and that the over-running of Poland by Germany implied an unsuccessful feat of arms by mere swashbucklers, what should we think of French, British, and Russian sol-

diers who are fighting and dying in those campaigns? How about their prowess? The skill and valour of a soldier is appraised by the strength of the enemy he has to overcome. If in the enemy is seen a braggart without great skill in the art of war, who passes from blunder to egregious blunder, how can we claim high merit for the armies whose business it is to crush him? If the German armies were so-so—a poorish lot, in fact, as it is popular to represent them—it would be absurd for a brave and powerful opponent in the East to take the trouble to lure them into the marshes and snows of which we hear so much; equally it would be absurd for a brave and powerful opponent in the West to sit down in front of these armies of braggarts and blunderers for the best part of a year and to dig and cement himself into entrenched positions. On the contrary the Allies, instead of spending anything up to nine million pounds a day on these operations, would choose to go in quickly and completely crush these inept and swashbuckler armies.

But the truth is that the armies of the Central Powers are not braggart and blundering. It is not true, as represented in popular prints and pictures, that their rank and file is made up of men who shoot from the hip at random, can only be induced to attack in dense masses, and is moved about by leaders whose idea of war is to make a big "rush" here now towards Calais and now towards Petrograd and a big "drive" there, and who have no objective to speak of except a kind of general frightfulness.

Nor is it true that the one real source of strength in the German armies to-day, their one point of temporary superiority over their opponents, lies in shells and guns. The German military machine—which includes many other essential things besides an abundance of shells, big guns, and machine guns—is exceedingly powerful and efficient as a whole. This is important to bear in mind, for it is often overlooked, not only by the feather-headed class that is given to killing the Kaiser by its mouth, but by a great many people who do view the war soberly. Let us not overlook for a moment the efficiency of the German war machine all round—lest we get overwhelmed and overlooked ourselves in the course of history. We have to catch up, to overtake the Germans not in shells and guns only—though these press enormously—but also in various other parts of the war machine. It is a satannically elaborate machine that moves as by clock-work—the campaign in Poland shows that. One had a glimmering of this truth last year when after their difficulties and set-back at Liége the German armies were driving with a vast momentum across Belgium—now one sees it absolutely.

The wretched compliment to our glorious troops in Flanders and in Gallipoli is to belittle the enemy and—sitting cosily at home—to pretend that they can break through him when convenient and that before long now they will have him "on the run" all round. No doubt this monstrous pretence is often indulged in with the idea that it helps to hearten the public here, and that it impresses certain neutral Powers. It is often well meant. But it is always ill-done, for it does not hearten, it only imposes on the public. Its effect in the end can only be lowering, like constant alcoholic nips taken to keep up one's courage or a constant resort to drugs to quiet one's nerves. Nor does it have the smallest effect for good on a neutral, for the neutrals are just now very watchful and astute. The irresponsible winking to and nudging of neutrals is vain.

Acknowledging frankly the strength and skill of the enemy—therein lies the right tribute to our soldiers and to the soldiers of our Allies. The marvel, the immortal glory of Mons, of Neuve Chapelle, of Ypres, of the Marne, of the Aisne, is that we fought and endured against a huge and extremely powerful enemy. It is the same when we turn to Gallipoli—where our armies have to fight at tremendous odds against nature as well as against man. There is no "soft thing" for us anywhere in these two huge campaigns against

enemies organised with a satanic efficiency; and it is the same for Russia in the Eastern theatre. Every soldier actually engaged in the great game in Flanders, Gallipoli, East Africa, and elsewhere, or organising our force at home, knows this quite well. Every sober and responsible man in authority knows it. But it is lost on the addle-headed section of the public and their prints, who imagine that to belittle the enemy is to beat him.

THE MONOTONY OF WAR.

IT is very difficult for civilians who have seen nothing of war to realise the monotony of the life which our soldiers and sailors are forced to lead for long stretches of time. Officers know only too well that monotony is one of the worst enemies their men are called upon to face—an enemy which lies in wait to blunt their initiative, reduce their fighting spirit, and level down all activity of mind and sense to a mere routine. History is full of instances where leaders have had to give fight simply to preserve the morale and offensive discipline of their armies. The civilian cannot easily grasp that war, an affair for continuous vigilance and imminent peril, can ever really be monotonous. To risk one's life, to await surprises, to be in the thickets of battle, to stand continually to be shot at, to shoot, to bear a brave part in a brave company—all this cannot be figured by civilian observers as ever staling from custom and repetition. They unconsciously think of the practised soldier as they would think of themselves going into action for the first time. No amount of imagination or independent assurance can really satisfy the non-combatant that war can be uniform and tiresome. He is told these things by professional soldiers, and he acquiesces. But nothing except personal experience can drive home to the mind the awful monotony of trench warfare or of the disciplined routine of our sailors.

It is the common experience of all who come within reach of war that the mere risk of the thing is almost the first element to disappear. This is not merely true of the hardened soldier, but of all who live within the zone of war. Women and boys have tilled the fields of France and Belgium right up to the edge of the firing line—within easy reach and easier hearing of the German guns. The people of Warsaw at first rushed into the streets to see the Taubes; but afterwards did not notice them. The soldiers themselves, subject to continual risk of death from the sniper and the hand-grenade—two sudden enemies who attack without warning—think more of the army postman and of small things which vary the uniformity of their days than of their personal danger. As to the shell-fire, which hardly causes the labouring peasant to look up from his work, it is for the soldier a most wearisome and nagging ritual. The coming of a shell is the signal for certain manœuvres, established and tested by experience, and undertaken without needless excitement or hurry. For the newcomer it is a startling event, crowded with rather keener sensations than he would care to acknowledge. For the seasoned campaigner it is, like well-nigh everything else, a matter of routine. It is not agreeable. Time cannot reduce its shattering effect upon the nerve senses. It is the thing of which our soldiers talk most when they come back from their work. It wears down the spirit with its noise and violence; and makes the silence of a peaceful country a thing which soothes and heals. But it soon ceases to be exciting. It is one of the hideous monotones of war—like the dirt and the confinement, the dust and the smell, and the perpetual watching.

The monotony of the life of our soldiers and sailors is a fact which every civilian should get firmly into his mind; for the soldiers depend almost entirely upon the enterprise of people at home to break up and lighten this monotony. We want more enterprises of the kind of which Sir Walter Raleigh has lately advised the "Times". These excellent broadsheets, chosen with-

out pedantry out of the finest of our English literature, capable of being distributed without any elaborate or special machinery, are a wise and discreet undertaking which will bring to many of our soldiers the gleam of something original and unexpected for which they are waiting. One cannot help feeling it is rather a pity that the British Army in France has not someone to perform the official duties of M. Botrell—the military Laureate of France, appointed to sing his songs wherever he may please. M. Botrell hurries like a breeze from station to station, bringing with him a novelty and freshness which acts like a tonic upon the minds of his hearers. We have not, and could hardly have, anyone who can do for the British what M. Botrell, a modern troubadour, suddenly discovered and accepted by all the soldiers of France, is doing for the French fighters and sufferers; and the nearest approach so far is this attempt of the "Times" broadsheet to scatter among our soldiers the songs and thoughts which are a part of our English life. We heartily wish well to this enterprise, and hope that it may set the public mind upon finding yet other ways of relieving the monotony of war.

We have noticed before the camp libraries which Sir Wilfrid Ward has organised throughout the country to help the time pass during the period of training at home. At home or abroad it is the same problem which is being faced by our officers. To amuse and distract the men is an extremely important task in which any competent help will be gratefully welcomed by the authorities. The men at home have not the same urgent need as the soldiers at the Front or—and in this we have insisted several times before—as our sailors at sea. But amusement and recreation out of the hours of drill, and accessible pastime during leave, is recognised more and more as essential to the health and well-being of our armies in the making. More especially the public will, we are sure, be encouraged in every way to help the soldiers in training to face the long winter evenings which will shortly make increasing demands upon their patience. We have to help the men who in the monotony of life in camp are being prepared for that other monotony, more arduous and severe, the monotony of war. This to-day has surpassed the experience and all the preconceptions even of the professional and experienced soldier. Our armies in France have been tied down to a fixed line of trenches for virtually twelve months; and the fiercest fighting has tended to assume the character of a conventional programme—shell-fire, attack, counter-attack—all of it a routine of savage and deadly warfare which gets itself regularly reported in laconic messages to the effect that this trench or that "changed hands several times". When one begins to think at all of what the lives of our soldiers are really like upon active service one cannot help feeling hot anger and disgust when one hears of people doing nothing at home who are "sick of the war".

Let all such grumblers sit awhile and think of what is happening day by day in France. Then let them make it their business as far as in them lies to keep our soldiers from being "sick of the war". Very few in Great Britain are not, or cannot be if they choose, in personal touch with men at the Front. Let them do their best and most continual. The Post Office is thoroughly well organised to do the rest.

THE GREAT WAR.

APPRECIATION (No. 58) BY VIEILLE MOUSTACHE.

THE EASTERN THEATRE.

I.

THE steady, methodical march of the German armies in the eastward course that has been set by the General Staff promises ere long to place a line of phalanxes in such strong positions as will offer a choice of striking our Ally with full force in three if not four directions. This study of method is par-

ticularly noticeable in the southern area of operations. Movements of such huge forces as are manipulated in modern war are paralysed when denied the aid of the iron horse. For this reason the break in the rival railway systems between Russia and East Galicia has necessitated a halt to be called for some eight weeks in the German offensive that has been lying behind the banks of the Zlota Lipa in order to afford time for German engineers to build up the means of lateral transit with neighbour forces. The Great General Staff of Germany is certain to see that no gap exists in the branch lines of communication behind their advancing armies such as would deny to the leaders the opportunity of affording a mutual support should necessity demand. A study of the railway map of Northern and North-East Galicia will show at a glance what an enormous strategic advantage will accrue to the invaders if the forces now at Kovel and Wladimir-Volynski can be joined up by means of rail transit to Sokal on the Galician system, a matter of rail construction of less than 100 miles. The standfast of the German armies in East Galicia may have been dictated for another reason. The great fortress of Brest-Litowsk, the central buttress in the original strategic line of defence of our Ally, could have afforded a base from which a counterblow in force might have been delivered, purposing a drive either to the north or to the south against the armies of the invaders. Until the situation could be cleared up by the capture of the stronghold of Brest it would be tempting fortune for the Austro-German armies in Galicia to move eastward. The orders for the advance of these forces have now gone forth, and the initial movement has met with a determined resistance. The campaign of the enemy in this region to the south of the Pripet marshes promises to have as its object the severing of the Russian line of inter-communication through this inhospitable region of the armies of our Ally on the north with those on the south. Nature itself will decree a temporary severing of cohesion between these armies in the general retrograde movement. Vilna in the North and Rovno in the South mark the termini of the great double line that traverses this unwholesome and unpopulated country, and the capture by the enemy of one or both of these strongholds implies the acquisition of bases from which railway systems diverge, affording alternative lines of aggression in no less than four directions. The retention of this great transverse line of railway by our Ally is therefore of first importance. Its surrender carries with it the forfeiture of the remaining chance of co-operation necessary for a powerful counter-aggressive, and would afford the enemy an opportunity of concentration in enormous preponderance for an offensive, either to the north or to the south, as suits his purpose. By the capture of the fortress of Lüdzk it would appear that on the reopening of the campaign south of the Pripet a determined effort is being made to secure Rovno. Such an objective is likely to be most hotly disputed, and an anxious week is before us. With a forward base at Rovno the great dépôt at Kiev forms a tempting lure to an enemy whose ambition may soar to the acquisition of a seaport on the Black Sea. Similarly the capture of Tarnopol, which would mean the practical surrender of the remainder of Galicia, would offer to German arms a line of parallel offensive towards the south and the great trade centre at Odessa. German diplomacy, as an alternative, may direct a move of the instrument of force which stands behind it, and may dictate the peaceful penetration of an army across the frontiers of a neutral State for ulterior purposes well known to the Quadruple Alliance. It would be useless to make guesswork in this war of surprises. We have learnt that in war when opportunity offers nothing is impossible.

II.

It is in the northern field of operations, however, that interest will centre: in the half-moon that now defines the positions of the opposing forces to the west of Riga, Dwinsk, and Vilna—the latter the decisive point where the fortunes of a gigantic combat may

decide the future line of operations to both Germany and Russia. Germany in this sphere of the struggle stands in a strong military position, on firm ground, and with a shortened line of communication through Kovno, with her arsenals at Königsberg, a dépôt fed both by land and sea from other distant centres. Doubly strong would the military situation become should the line of the river Dwina fall to hostile attempts and the fate of Riga become imperilled. The German Staff may be expected to make a colossal effort to capture a strategic point where success would mean the possession of an advanced base of first importance for future operations, such as the purported attempts at either one or both of the capitals of our Ally. Vilna holds the key that opens or shuts the door to German offensive in the coming winter months. In its immediate north the physical nature of the terrain, with its roadless marshy lake country, precludes manoeuvre of great masses of men, but to east and south conditions are more favourable, and we may read of a repetition of the great concentration of gun effort that marked the struggle for both Kovno and Grodno. All certainty about resistance on the part of our Ally is, however, mere guesswork. One can merely hope that the means of waging successful war are getting daily more pronounced, and that in the retrograde that superior orders may declare necessary her armies will maintain the same unbroken front that has been presented for so many weeks. The interposition of the Pripet marshes will, if retreat be continued, necessitate a break in that front, and a distinct line of operations for both the armies in the northern and in the southern theatre will be necessary. In this war of surprises, where we have been spectators of Manchurian strategy on one front and of the nature of the bold offensive of 1870 on the other, we may yet witness the development of a form of partisan or guerilla warfare so well known to us in our latest effort at war in South Africa. Russia would do well to organise her volunteers and make this region of the Pripet marshes a thorn in the side of the armies of the enemy that purport working on its fringes. We shall probably witness how the campaign of "frightfulness" progresses when the murderers themselves are faced with the danger of "reprisals" which the authors of the German War Book confess to have in mind.

Vilna insensibly recalls the era of the great war tragedy of a century gone by. It marked the route of the Grand Army of the Great War Master, and in its progress eastward it is well to note how thinned his ranks became. At Witepsk the Centre Army in 1812 was 250,000 strong, at Smolensk 182,000, at Borodino, which was 90 miles away from the old Russian frontier, but 130,000 men could be brought into line. The opponents fought there with an equality of numbers. We shall never know how many of that Grand Army were destined to return, but we do know that Napoleon lost far more men in his march to Moscow than he did in the great retreat.

It is well to recall the story and to remind those people who are apt to build false hopes upon the sacrifices attendant upon the prolonged operations in Russia which the Germans will have to face, that, defeated as Napoleon was in his purpose in the disastrous campaign of 1812, yet within a year he was facing double the number of opponents and fighting them with undoubted moral superiority. German thoroughness will profit by lessons from the failures of others, even though the story is a century old, as she is now profiting by her own failures a year ago in the initial stages of the Eastern campaign. Her war machine can be trusted to grind out soldiers in numbers requisite for her purpose, despite all the claims of those who revel in statistics to prove the contrary, and who point to her waning power in numbers of men, food supply, and cash. Her assets for a profitable peace accumulate daily in her triumphal and methodical progress eastward. Her war staff is sufficiently crafty to include a campaign of romancing in her conduct of war. She is careful to feed us with lies as to her impoverished economic, financial, and industrial state; this diet our army of "optimists" is only

too happy to digest, and it employs the dust thrown in its eyes in order to screen from the nation the gravity and enormity of the undertaking to which we are committed. No greater disservice can be done to our people than that which is done by statisticians, whose figures are based on falsehood, being purposely designed by the enemy to discourage our countrymen from making the supreme effort that is requisite to put the contest beyond dispute.

The brain of the German Army is doing what it will with the German nation. If the doctrine of "might is right" be accepted by a people it is following the right procedure by putting its faith in might. While we indulge in foolish boasting Germany proceeds in her main design with a full heart. She sees her reward as she sees her armies marching from one success to another. She sets to each individual behind her armies his appointed task, knowing that with an inherited discipline he will perform it. We fail still to understand that as a Power Germany has the will, foresight, and discipline that we lack. We are content to talk about the "genius of the British people" which is to carry us to victory, though it shuns a disciplined national effort. A nation that welcomes such claptrap and declines personal service counts for little in the eyes of either enemy or Ally. Genius has been well described as a great capacity for taking pains imaginatively.

MIDDLE ARTICLES.

GERMAN MISREPRESENTATIONS.

By J. HOLLAND ROSE.

II.—KING EDWARD VII. AND GERMANY.

IN the former article it was shown that the principle of the Balance of Power was in abeyance during the reigns of Kaiser William I. and Frederick II. Only after the accession of the present Kaiser and the dismissal of Bismarck did the old tendency towards establishing an equilibrium of forces in Europe assert itself, and then slowly and doubtfully, considering the magnitude of the interests at stake. France had long been wooing Russia; but the apparition of the Teutonic Achilles, the disgrace of his Mentor, and the re-assertion of the Germanic ascendancy in Europe in 1891, were needed to bring about the Franco-Russian alliance, which, moreover, seemed at first to be as hostile to England as to Germany. Consequently, it is false to assert, as Herr von Bethmann-Hollweg did to the Reichstag on 19 August 1915, that Great Britain was responsible for the revival of the Balance of Power; for it resulted from the apprehensions of France and Russia. Great Britain stood entirely apart from the Dual Alliance and from the Triple Alliance. The opening of the Twentieth Century found her utterly isolated, with a formidable war on her hands, and viewed askance by all the Great Powers, except Italy. Such was the state of affairs on the accession of His late Majesty Edward VII. (January, 1901).

Here, without taking count of the predominance of Germany and the critical condition of the British Empire, Teutonic theory-weavers begin their work. Running lightly over the years, they note the Anglo-Japanese Treaty (1902), the Anglo-French Entente (1904), the marriage of Princess Ena to the King of Spain (1906), and the Anglo-Russian Entente (1907). True, a difficulty soon ensues; for in May 1910 King Edward died, yet still the Ententes survived, despite the furious protests of Germany at the time of the Agadir crisis of 1911. How to explain this survival? The riddle is solved by an exercise of ingenuity which achieves genuine humour. King Edward, it appears, had appointed Sir Edward Grey his "testamentary executor" in the Isolation Trust!

But this is not all. Professor von Schulze-Gävernitz, of Freiburg, who was once thought to know England well, has asserted in the "Evening Mail" (U.S.), of 14 July 1915, that Edward VII., besides arranging all the compacts just named and increasing the British Navy, plotted the partition of the Turkish Empire. If

Germany resisted, she was to "be deprived of her fleet, her colonies, her foreign commerce, Alsace-Lorraine, East and West Prussia, and was to be reduced to the position of a petty State. . . In the furtherance of these aims Edward VII. travelled over all Europe. *Roi-vivier* (?) he was, and, not being burdened by Puritanical traditions, he planted those seeds which have cropped up in the harvest of skulls. Although 'only' a Parliamentary King, he was the most powerful sovereign in the history of his nation, and also one of the most calamitous." The professor was careful to state that the whole diatribe, covering eight columns of small print, is "a document which I have prepared for the use of my students at Freiburg". The above extract, therefore, is not to be classed as sensational journalism, but as an academic thesis.

The same notion has been systematically developed by Dr. Paul Rohrbach, an official of the Berlin Colonial Office and the literary champion of the German Bagdad railway scheme. In his very popular work, "Der Deutsche Gedanke in der Welt" (1912), Edward VII. is coupled with Bismarck as a past-master in the art of treaty-making. His great aim, from the outset, was to cripple Germany. Hence his alliances and ententes, Spain being won over by the hand of a British princess and the bait of North Morocco. "Portugal had always been a vassal of England." King Edward's chief aims were (it seems) to form a continuous British area from South Africa to Australia, and to effect the partition of Turkey. If Germany resisted, she was to be deprived of her fleet, East Africa, and, if possible, Alsace-Lorraine. The keys to the Royal plan were Mesopotamia, Egypt, and German East Africa. The last-named barred the way to the British project of an all-red railway from South Africa to Egypt and thence to India. But the King had laid his plans for annexing all the lands round the Southern and Indian Oceans when, unfortunately for him, the Young Turk revolution occurred. We may pause to note that other *Einkreisung*-weavers say that he must have contrived that revolution, because he met the Tzar at Reval shortly before its outbreak. But this discrepancy is a trifle. Rohrbach maintains that the King had prescribed the Russo-Japanese War in order that Russia might be weakened and so the more readily be brought to England's heel. But on the next page (176), in summing up the Royal achievements, he says that the failure of Russia in 1905 and the Turkish revolution were the only serious set-backs to the policy of King Edward, whose "extraordinary mind had always found fresh ways and means of steering the British ship towards that imposing goal which he had kept in view since the beginning of his reign". In considering the continuance of that policy, Rohrbach does not favour the explanation of "the testamentary executor", but ascribes it to the "inherited wisdom" of our statesmen, their capacity to handle great conceptions, and also the support of a uniquely developed national feeling.

Such is the theory. Let us test it by facts.

In the first place, King Edward's accession occurred during the Boer War at a time of acute national crisis, when nine-tenths of the German people noisily rejoiced at the imminent doom of Great Britain. The second of the German Navy Bills had lately been passed; and the Berlin Cabinet, for all its "correct" behaviour, had edged us out of Samoa. True, the French snarled at us no less loudly than the Germans; but France did not lay down new ironclads and cruisers; and she had not intrigued in South Africa. It was clear that, so soon as the new German warships were ready (say by 1904 or 1905), a very dangerous situation would arise unless we could come to a genuinely friendly understanding with Germany. Now, such an understanding had been attempted in the Yangtse Settlement of October 1900, whereby the two Powers agreed to uphold the integrity of China. But that agreement was impaired by the declaration of the Chancellor Bülow, on 15 March 1901, that it did not apply to Manchuria, which Russia was known to covet. He added: "We are not going to be quixotic for England's benefit. . . I favour

the best relations with England; but only within the limits of our complete independence"; which meant that, if Germany found it desirable to humour Russia, she would do so whatever the terms of her agreement with England. As the German historian, Rachfahl, admits, England sought to hinder Russian expansion in Manchuria, while Germany favoured it. He adds that, though Lord Lansdowne was very conciliatory, the British Foreign Office had to learn that it could not reckon on Berlin for this or that purpose. Therefore, as England could not draw closer to the Kaiser she sought closer relations, first with Japan, later with France, and gradually adopted a regular system of the *Einkreisung* of Germany.*

This is a sober statement by a chronicler who is not a theory-weaver. Rachfahl's account is nearly correct. In the early part of Edward VII.'s reign an attempt was made more than once to institute better relations with Germany; and, as appears, *inter alia*, from the "Secret Memoirs of Baron Hayashi", the aim of Lord Lansdowne was to include Germany in an Anglo-German-Japanese Alliance. That such a league failed to come into existence was not the fault either of London or of Tokio. It is needless to say that, on the British side the framer of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance of April 1902 was, not King Edward (however much he approved of it), but Lord Lansdowne. Our aim in the alliance, of course, was to end the perilous isolation of the former period, and, in particular, to safeguard British interests in Asia.

The conclusion of the Boer War, which came soon after, gave an opportunity for easing the friction which that conflict had produced in many quarters. With no Power were there so many sources of irritation as with France. But she was rent by religious and socialistic feuds of extraordinary intensity; and her Army and Navy had recently figured as a *corpus vile* for the anti-militarist Ministers, André and Pelletan. Russia looked askance at the Administrations which hurried on and off the scene at Paris; while these viewed with alarm the ascendancy of Germany in the councils of the Tzar and his impending struggle with Japan. Consequently the many difficulties of France pre-disposed her to clasp the olive-branch held out from London, which proud and successful Germany had more than once repelled. In these considerations is to be found the reason for the breakdown of the wished-for Anglo-German Entente and the conclusion of the Anglo-French Entente. Men count for much in diplomacy; but they count for less, and circumstances for more, than is generally supposed. The plain truth is that in 1901-4 Germany did not need our friendship, while in 1903-4 France did.

It is admitted on all hands that the Court of St. James's under Edward VII. was less Teutophile than under Queen Victoria; also that his tact and social charm did much to exorcise the Anglophobia rampant in France down to the year 1902. His visit to Paris in May 1903, carefully prepared for and skilfully conducted, gave a great impetus to the work of reconciliation, as Lord Lansdowne asserted in his despatch of April 1904 to Sir Edmund Monson. But the assumption that the King presided over and guided the long negotiations of 1903-4, ranging over a multitude of minute and thorny topics, could emanate only from a German. It is the transference to Windsor and Whitehall of the relations that exist between Potsdam and the Wilhelmstrasse. The formal and almost semi-official denial by Lord Esher in an essay which first appeared in the "Deutsche Revue" of 1910, has convinced everyone conversant with the facts, however much it has failed to convince German weavers of theories.† It is not generally known that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain was largely responsible for *l'Entente Cordiale*. He, it seems, first uttered that historic phrase, such at least is the assertion of a French champion of the movement, M. d'Estournelles de Constant; and he suggested the exchange (Egypt and the Newfoundland

shore for Morocco) which formed the basis for the Anglo-French compact of April 1904.

As to the Anglo-Russian Entente of 1907, it resulted from the fact that both Russia and England had recently experienced the pressure of German diplomacy. Within a month of Russia's last great defeat at Mukden the Kaiser landed at Tangier and initiated his threatening Morocco policy; and in the Algeciras Conference of the spring of 1906 his attitude was so overbearing as to excite general resentment. As a result, Great Britain and Russia drew closer together and found without difficulty the basis for an understanding on the Central Asian and other questions that had too long divided them. The progress of German influence in Asia Minor, in connection with the Bagdad railway and cognate schemes, constituted a menace alike to Great Britain, France, and Russia. The revival of the old-world plans for launching Islam against Christendom revealed to all discerning observers the advent of a danger far greater than any that were connected with the growth of the Colonial Empires of those three Powers. Germany, unweakened by colonial wars, was storing up vital forces of unequalled potency, was marshalling armies and fleets of unsurpassed efficiency, and to her alliances with Austria and Italy was about to add the incalculable fighting forces of the East. In such a case to ascribe the Anglo-Russian Entente to an intrigue of King Edward is ludicrously to distort his character and to misread the signs of the time. In truth, the Kaiser's restless ambition, blustering diplomacy, and megalomaniac designs (ever pressed on by the Navy and Pan-German Leagues) forced his neighbours to lay aside their secular rivalries and take conditional measures for mutual assistance in case of need. To look to London or Petrograd is to overlook the obvious and efficient cause. As Talleyrand once said of Napoleon, so we may say of William II.: "He has never had against him any dangerous conspirator except himself".

Let us summarise the diplomatic connections of Great Britain and Germany in 1910, the year of King Edward's death. Our only alliances were with Japan and Portugal. The ententes with France and Russia were so loose and tentative as not to prevent the complete triumph of Germany during the "annexation crisis" of 1908-9. In 1906 a British princess married the King of Spain, and Prince Haakon of Denmark, who had wedded the youngest daughter of King Edward, was chosen by the Norwegian Storthing as their first monarch. Neither match influenced the European situation. On the other hand, Germany had maintained the Triple Alliance—the strongest "block" that ever existed during three decades. A Hohenzollern prince reigned at Bucharest, a Coburg at Sofia. The Kaiser's sister married the Crown Prince (now King) of Greece, and the Grand-Duke of Mecklenburg became Prince Consort of Holland. Above all, Germany fastened her grip on Turkey, with the aim of disposing of more than a million fanatical fighters. Which of the two Governments has had most diplomatic and matrimonial successes? Have we encircled Germany? Or has she encircled the Triple Entente? Has she not woven her diplomatic web from the North Sea to the Black Sea so as to dominate Europe and isolate Russia? Let the events of the first year of war reply. Viewed by their lurid light the theory of *Einkreisung* is seen to be one of the shallowest fictions ever foisted upon a credulous public.

MY GATHERING.

Artois, 29 August 1915.

NOW all the heavy harvest of the year
In rich sheaves lies about the fields;
The hills are bright
Each morning with their golden light;
They stand at eve like ancient royalty
Robed in tired purple, patient for the tomb.
And there are orchards too,

* Rachfahl, "Kaiser und Reich", pp. 227-228.

† Viscount Esher, "The Influence of King Edward and other Essays," pp. 49-60.

Where apples blush
With the deep flush
Of Summer's last impassioned kiss,
Which leaves them languorously to fall,
And then be gathered from the sodden grass,
Where questing children ever pass.
And soon the earth
Shall all be garnered of its fruit,
And full repose shall come upon the fields
And silence on the orchards and the hills. . . .
And I would go a'harvesting
In all my fields of memory,
To gather guerdon of the summer hours
And hold some fruit when all the flowers
Are dead.
Alas ! a bitter thing has come to me :
An enemy has sown where I would reap,
And there are tares of Death
Grown rank in the misty breath
Of war, with roots set deep
In the red acreage of my heart.
I may not wield my sickle of remembrance there,
Lest every stalk should drip with blood,
And every root up-plucked hold clinging
To shattered flesh and splintered bone,
And from the depths a moan
Come forth to trouble me,
Like to that piteous cry
Of Polydorus in his restless tomb
Plaining a hapless doom.
And so my fields must lie
Unreaped, ungathered, till I die
And yield their lease to God ;
Then well I know that He,
Who orders all things wondrously,
Shall show me Heaven's granaries up-piled
With mellowed fruit of this my year unharvested.

P.

WAS PROTESTANTISM MADE IN GERMANY?

By DR. DEARMER.

CHARLES MARSON once began a sermon to the younger clergy with the remark : "Protestantism is a cheap religion, made in Germany". Certainly Protestantism has been held cheaply enough in Germany during recent generations, though it was not cheaply bought, unless blood be cheap, as many seem nowadays to think. But was it really made in Germany ; or was its development there not rather one more example of the capacity which the industrious Teuton possesses for working out the ideas of other races more readily inspired ? After all, before Luther there were the Albigenses, and the Lollards and some others, and the Hussites. There had been in the fourteenth century a great religious revolt in Bohemia —among one of those sections of the Slav race which had been included under the Papacy when, a few centuries earlier, the line between East and West drew itself out through Central Europe.

How much, I wonder, of the Reformation was really due to the Slavs ? Out here in the Balkans we smile at the claims of long descent which Western Protestantism produces. For Protestantism really began in Bulgaria, four hundred years before Luther.

It was at the beginning of the twelfth century that Bogumil arose. He was a Bulgarian priest, a great religious genius whose soul revolted against the ecclesiastical and social iniquities which he saw around him. He had ample justification. The savage cruelty of the rulers and nobles in the Bulgaria and Rumania of that age almost passes belief ; they and their people were still half-pagans, their old gods were still worshipped under a thin veneer of Christian hagiology. Even now indeed they linger still ; the Balkan peasantry still believe in St. Iliya, who is really Perun, the god of

thunder, and still makes the sky rattle by driving furiously up and down the floor of heaven ; and every Serbian cottage still has its *perunica* (the purple iris) growing in the garden as a protection against thunder —the house-leek on the roof guarding against the sister power of lightning. Now the Church in twelfth-century Bulgaria was rich and powerful, and too thoroughly national and established ; and the bishops very naturally sided with the existing order of things which brought them great wealth and power.

Against all this Bogumil revolted, very violently, thoroughly, and consistently. His teaching is curiously like that of Tolstoy ; it is much less narrow and superstitious than the Protestantism of the sixteenth century in the West, more logical, and remarkably "modern". It has the simplicity of the Slav temperament and its tendency to violent extremes ; also its underlying evangelicism—not as in the West a particular theological system called by that name, but a vivid appreciation of the Gospels, an intense devotion to Christ. Bogumil called men back to the Bible—a little enough known book in twelfth-century Bulgaria—and encouraged people to read it ; but he laid special stress on the Four Gospels, and seems to have avoided the confusion between Judaism and Christianity into which Western Protestantism fell. He attacked the idolatry which masqueraded as saint-worship, and taught that there was only one Mediator between God and man. The prayers, he said, should all be in a language which the people could understand ; but he went much farther, and said that there was no need for churches or for priests. Unlike Luther, he was no friend of princes, but attacked bishops, monks, and aristocracy alike. He was the friend and champion of the poor. Violent though his negations were, he was not a mere denier, a mere iconoclast. He preached that all were to live earnest and virtuous lives, to be charitable on all occasions. Above all, he laid down a principle which has never been easy of application in the Balkans : a Christian must never kill anyone. Therefore, he argued, Christians must never go to war.

The name Bogumil means "Near to God" ; and the reformer's followers took it as appropriate to themselves, and were called Bogumili. Their numbers grew rapidly ; for Bogumil's social teaching suited the democratic character of the Bulgars and Serbs, which has survived to this day, undestroyed by five centuries of Turkish oppression ; and his religious teaching called men back to certain great half-forgotten truths —its very exaggerations and violence cannot have been unwelcome to a race that enjoys pugnacity and delights in a good fight. The new doctrine had an immense success ; it spread across the whole Balkan peninsula, and in fact became strongest in Bosnia—so strong that in the thirteenth century the "Bosnian religion" meant the religion of the Bogumili.

But these good people were cruelly and bitterly persecuted ; and their persecution brought down upon the Balkans an awful vengeance. It is the old story. The most virtuous and the most intelligent of the people were among the Bogumili. If only their founder had been content to affirm without denying, he might have brought a new spirit into his whole Church. If only the authorities had dealt gently with the heresy, its bad points would probably have died away and only the good would have survived ; and both they and their victims would have come more into the light of Christ. A reforming movement was needed ; but instead there was a relentless religious war, which exhausted persecutors and persecuted alike, and so weakened the Balkan peninsula that when in the fourteenth century the Ottoman Turks swept down, no unity or strength was left to drive them back. There was many a heroic struggle, but Balkan Christendom fell piecemeal before Islam, and the Christian nations were wiped out.

One curious result remains to be described. In Serbia the landlords heroically refused to secure their estates by accepting Mohammedanism. They were either killed or escaped into the heights of Montenegro, where their descendants are peasants to-day ; and there is still no aristocracy in Serbia. But the

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Bosnians had been sickened by the persecution of the Bogumili, and also by their endless struggles to resist the Papacy—for they were on the borderland between East and West. They had relapsed into indifference. The result was that in Bosnia most of the aristocracy readily embraced Islam so as to secure their estates. So it is that to this day the great Mohammedan Serb landlords flourish in the province which after the War will become part of Serbia again.

Such is the Balkan claim to have produced the first Protestant. It is sad enough reading. So much good might have come out of it all. And so much evil came.

OTHER PEOPLE'S OPINIONS.

IN these days few people form opinions of their own, and fewer would think seriously of holding them if formed. Forming opinions takes long time, study, bitter experience: and it seems to be generally agreed that the game is not worth the candle. As to holding one's opinions, after one has reached them, this is a still more expensive undertaking. It may—and, if the opinions are stiff ones, suggesting disagreeable truths, it certainly will—get the holder into trouble. He lays himself open to the charge of being censorious or misanthropical. Hence most people choose to accept the ready-made opinions of other people—and preferably, of course, of some "notoriety"—and to hold these just so long and just so firmly as it suits. "Those are my opinions", an American is reputed to have said, "and if they are not liked they can be changed". But doubtless they were not his at all, but some other person's.

The world is full of the genial cultivators of other people's opinions, who are not in the least disturbed if these opinions are proved wrong (*i.e.*, if they lose popularity and the approval of notoriety), because another set of ready-made opinions can be easily and without the smallest expenditure adopted instead. It is a sort of intellectual—though in a sense not so very intellectual—communal arrangement which suits people capitally: and the custom of adopting other people's ready-made opinions is become, in these days of general education and enlightenment, so usual that it pulls us up with a start if by chance we alight on a person or a newspaper* with self-formed, self-owned, and self-held opinions on politics, history, art, literature, and other subjects—with *private* opinions. The start with which we are pulled up, moreover, is usually the reverse of a pleasant sensation, for the person who forms and favours his own views is extremely liable to rub people up the wrong way. He can be as offensive as one of those Superior People—such as Mr. Horsman—whose transcendent abilities all men admit, and out of whose way, as Disraeli, we think, once said, all men hasten to put themselves. It is cheap, then, it is easy, it is popular, it pays, to hold other people's views—what more can be desired? Other people's views, for example, as to the chance of getting through at the Dardanelles next week, the rightness or wrongness of National Service, the most "readable" six-shilling novel just out. Of course, the line must be drawn: when it comes to the vital, pressing matters that directly, intimately touch me, I really must be allowed to form and to hold my own views. Thus I must be allowed to form my own view as to whether it is better to drink gingerbeer during the war or to drink whisky and soda; and as to whether I shall travel first, or take the advice of the thrifit committee at Downing Street and travel third, on my railway journeys. These things physically matter, and are worth forming and holding stiffly one's own opinions about; but how in the world can it advantage one to form and hold one's own view about, say, the war, or about the novel of the moment? It is so obviously far easier to turn to the views on this matter of the self-constituted or popularly-acclaimed

"expert" or "the notoriety" of the moment, and keep well in the swim by accepting and quoting them just so long as they are generally liked or voted sound. In fact, fools form opinions, but wise men adopt them.

WAR SAVINGS.

[The Independent Labour Party, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald told his audience, was the one party which kept its head when the war broke out. It is the only party which is keeping its head now.—*Morning Post*, 6 September 1915.]

ALL is not lost: amid a thrifless nation,
That squanders life and limb of maimed and dead,
One Party saves a strangely prized possession;
The Independent Labour Party keeps its head.

Treasure of gear and gold beyond the telling
Pours like the blood, and like the tears is shed.
One treasure, swelled already, still is swelling;
The Independent Labour Party keeps its head.

Freedom goes fast: from conquered field and city
Cry out the mothers ravished, babes unfed;
But Independence reigns in one Committee;
The Independent Labour Party keeps its head.

Heads have been lost in days when forfeits painful
Attached to what an Independent said.
But, thanks to times more tolerant or disdainful,
The Independent Labour Party keeps its head.

Conscription for that dauntless Party? Perish
The slavish thought; they will go safe to bed.
While conscript nations keep all that we cherish,
The Independent Labour Party keeps—its head.

D. S. MACCOLL.

CORRESPONDENCE.

IS TRUTH TO BE SILENT?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Moor Park, Rickmansworth,

7 September 1915.

SIR,—In his recent speech at Glasgow Lord Rosebery has added the weight of his influence to the plea previously put forward by Lord Hugh Cecil and Lord Cromer, that no attempt should be made to strengthen the prevalent feeling in favour of replacing optional by compulsory service to the State. They all use the same argument—viz., the propriety of reposing unlimited confidence in the Coalition Government recently evolved out of chaos by the dexterity of the Prime Minister, because it represents a united country.

I pass over the obvious drawbacks to unlimited confidence which its short existence has already revealed, in order to examine the ground on which it is solicited, "the unity of the nation". Is it possible that these noble Lords can be ignorant of the passionate campaign against compulsory service in which an overwhelming majority of the Press which professes to represent the Liberal feeling of the country is engaged? In presence of that campaign, fostered by German influence and to some extent, no doubt, sustained by German coin, to claim unity is to cry peace where there is no peace; and of this, perhaps, the claimants are conscious, for they all have a second string to their bow. They add that, as regards the issue between optional and compulsory service, Lord Kitchener is practically the Government, and that for arriving at a decision he has all the means of information at his disposal. How do they know?

Lord Kitchener has for more than a year been engaged in organising an immense army out of next to nothing—a task which must have monopolised even his abnormal energy. During that period, at all events, he can have had no time to regard the war from any

* Newspapers indeed are styled "organs of public opinion", a suggestive phrase.

other aspect than that of putting fully equipped forces into the field. Not being a politician himself, he must have relied on the views of the Radical politicians with whom for many months he was exclusively associated for his estimate of the social, economical, industrial, commercial, judicial, and diplomatic considerations latent in the problem which the war presents; and to say, under these circumstances, that Lord Kitchener has all the means at his disposal for deciding between the merits of optional and compulsory service involves an assumption to the validity of which no one but Lord Kitchener himself can bear witness.

If he is prepared with a considered judgment upon that issue, and to whatever conclusion that judgment may point, trusted as he is by all classes, it will, no doubt, meet with general acceptance; but so long as he remains silent it is not reasonable for men, however eminent, to point to him as a dictator sitting on the fence, and to suggest that, until he departs from that attitude, the arguments on one side of the issue must be held in abeyance while those on the other side are pushed to the very extreme of unscrupulous controversy.

Yours faithfully,
EBURY.

DOES NATIONAL SERVICE MEAN A REVOLUTION?

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

9 September 1915.

SIR,—The plain truth about the country's attitude to-day towards obligatory national service during the war is this: (1) The Unionist Party is now by a quite overwhelming majority—leaders and followers—absolutely in favour of it; (2) a large and daily increasing body of Liberals and Radicals (with a small sprinkling of officers, and, of course, a much larger body of the rank and file in the Trade Unionist and Socialist Party) favour it earnestly; (3) the public generally in England outside party favours it. Whilst neutrals on the subject in the country would make no objection whatever to any reasonable scheme, provided it safeguarded trade whilst solving the great problems of the men and the munitions for military service.

On the other hand we have to face the fact (1) that Ireland, *all Nationalist Ireland*, is dead set against it, and would probably have to be left out of the organisation altogether; and (2) that there is a bitter and savage opposition to all forms of compulsion, either for men or for munitions for military purposes, in England, Scotland and Wales among the so-called leaders of labour. It is a minority, quite a small minority, and it has visibly shrunk of late. But it is uncompromising, and nothing short of the landing of a German army in this country would bring it into line. Its papers might be brought round by the pressure of the Liberal members of the Government, but this is not certain except in a few instances. It is idle to affect that if the Government to-morrow announced an Obligatory National Service plan, this minority would instantly give in. It would be, if possible, more rancorous than ever, and there would be a loud outcry, just as there was in the early days of August 1914 among precisely the same minority when the Government decided on war against Germany.

But would there be a revolt?—mutiny on a large scale. Would there be a revolution? That is the question which is really at the back of the minds of those who urge that the matter should be shelved indefinitely, or “left to the Government”.

The answer of people of judgment is that there would be no revolution whatever. No doubt a certain number of men might be induced, through inflamed speeches and pamphlets, and possibly by a newspaper article here and there, to refuse service; but it would be a small number, because, for one thing, no young man in any class of life desires to proclaim himself openly a defaulter in the matter of physical courage. Moreover, those who defaulted would naturally be boycotted by

employers: *they would lose their jobs as well as their reputations*. As it is, men are driven into the Army very often when they lose their work and cannot find new posts. The man who refused to obey the call of the State, the obligatory call, would lose everything. At the best he could only hope to live on, in a horribly discredited way, as the uncertain pensioner of his friends or shrinking family, and he could never hope to live down his wrecked reputation. Therefore there is not the slightest real danger of a revolution against National Service; the worst to be apprehended is a revolt. And if we turn up the files of certain advanced Radical and Socialist papers for early August 1914 we shall notice at once that there was a revolt of a kind then, which quickly fizzled out as being bad patriotism—and even worse business.

Yours faithfully,

PALL MALL.

A CLASSIC SPEECH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Lilliput House, Lilliput, Dorset,
8 September 1915.

SIR,—The following trenchant extract from the most famous of classic speeches is perhaps of special interest at the present time:—

“I was for ever warning and protesting, both at Athens and wheresoever I was sent. But the States were diseased; one class in their politics and measures being venal and corrupt, whilst the multitude of private men either had no foresight, or were caught with the bait of present ease and idleness; and all were under some such influence, only they imagined each that the mischief would not approach themselves, but that by the peril of others they might secure their own safety when they chose. The result, I think, has been that the people, in return for their gross and unseasonable indolence, have lost their liberty: the statesmen, who imagined they were selling everything but themselves, discovered they had sold themselves first; for, instead of friends, as they were named during the period of bribery, they are now called parasites, miscreants, and the like befitting names. . . O Athenians . . . consider only—for, though the time of the events is past, the time for understanding them is ever present to the wise.”

The man who spoke these burning words has been dust for two and twenty centuries, yet they have the force, sincerity, and the Greek “*saphēnia*” which bring them home to us just now closer than we may like. For, mark this point: Demosthenes, in his immortal defence, “On the Crown”, was in the foregoing passage only recapitulating events of the previous decade. All his fervent efforts, personal influence, and magnificence of oratory had been in vain, for the Macedonian had conquered a disunited Hellas, and freedom was a vanished dream.

Yours faithfully,

AURIOL EDITH DAVIDSON.

A PLEA FOR SPANISH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Scottish Liberal Club, Edinburgh.

SIR,—The war is not yet finished, nor does it give any sign of coming soon to an end. The summer is waning, and shortly our schools and universities will open their doors for a new session. What is to be the position of German in the school and college curriculum? Surely no man of sense or of fine feeling, certainly no woman, unless hypnotised by silly sentimentalism or misled by obstinacy masquerading in the garb of fidelity or enthusiasm, will think for a moment of resuming acquaintance with a language which has been made the vehicle of so much dishonourable diplomacy, so much shameful duplicity and cunning, which is the common

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idiom of a people sunk in barbarism to the point of savagery. It is true that the old simple German poetry, the old ballads and legends and romances will remain a treasure to all humanity, but they will have to be re-discovered by another generation and their excellencies proclaimed by another Carlyle. We may expect that literary taste will revert to an older stage, to the times of our grandfathers, when only a few enthusiasts learnt German and when translations from that uncouth language were looked upon as now we look upon translations from Russian. It will perhaps come to be thought venturesome to make such translations; it may even come to be considered bad taste, vulgar, disloyal, in fact not quite proper or "good form" to obtrude such work upon the English public. No one can yet say what will be the outcome of the war, geographically or ethnologically, what its economic results will be, and therefore no one can say what mercantile importance will belong to the German language in the years that are to come, whether the German language will be able to maintain an equality among the great cultivated languages of the world (what they themselves call "die Kultursprachen der Welt") or whether the Germans will have to content themselves with an isolated and local existence, and, as in America, allow themselves to be submerged in some greater language like our own. These are vast and complicated matters; time alone will tell how they will evolve. For the present it is sufficient to say that our loathing for things Teutonic will not readily evaporate, having soaked too deeply into our modes of thought. Let anyone by way of proof take up some German play or novel which he formerly read in blissful ignorance and read it—or try to read it—again in the light of modern history, the history of the last twelve months. He will probably find the task impossible, the work so nauseous as to be almost revolting. He will always see the mailed fist and hear the rattling of the sabre even in the most idyllic passages, and memories of Louvain and Rheims will effectually blur the pages. It was difficult before to find an English equivalent for such words as "Sittlichkeit" and "Gemütllichkeit"; now the former will take a very sinister meaning and the latter will remain wholly incomprehensible.

Where, then, are we to look for a substitute for German, some language which we can honestly put before our children for the purpose of providing a mental discipline? We shall, of course, still have the beautiful French language and its wealth of literature, but that is not enough. We have found room in our curricula for something in addition to French, and this is the question which I want to discuss in the present letter. In university examinations, especially where Honours are concerned, it is the custom to group at least two languages, and hitherto it has been quite usual to combine French and German. Now, even before the war the arrangement did not work very smoothly. German and French represent two quite different branches of the great Aryan family, and they have developed on different lines and grown very far apart. Consequently, the intellect that was in sympathy with the one language was rarely so with the other; it was as a man trying to serve two masters. True, there were intellects that could find nourishment equally in both, but these were somewhat rare and exceptional, and they swayed from the one to the other—sometimes, as it appeared, capriciously. How often have we not found ourselves in a German frame of mind when we were writing or talking to a French friend, and full of French phrases and idioms when writing or talking to a German? The result was frequently deplorable and sometimes disastrous, but the psychological fact remained.

To meet both difficulties I suggest the adoption of Spanish as a substitute for German. It is one of the great languages of the world and ranks as second only to English in point of the numbers of those who speak it: so says Max Müller. A year or two ago the "Times" published a large supplement in Spanish and made no apology for doing so, saying that English interests were largely involved in Spanish commerce and agriculture. A Spanish merchant in a large way of business, a man of extraordinary clearness and grasp of intellect, said one day recently to an Englishman that he was amazed at our neglect of his language, which so often meant our own interests. "You have an immense amount

of capital invested in South American railways, you do such a large trade with the Argentine, that you ought to find in such fields of industry much greater scope for your activities. The directors of the railways would be only too glad to employ Englishmen in all ranks of their service if they could get them, but, of course, they must be able to speak and write the Spanish language, and that is not such a difficult task."

But we do not wish to regard Spanish merely from the commercial point of view, though this will be a vastly important matter when the war is over and when we, having learnt many bitter and salutary lessons, set once more to work to strengthen and extend our commerce in all parts of the world in a more thorough and conscientious way than hitherto. Spanish might be made an excellent mental gymnastic if properly taught. It bears a strong likeness to its Latin mother and to its French sister, and is therefore profoundly interesting and even fascinating for the classical scholar. If he has any scientific or philosophical bent he will see in Spanish a curious form of evolution which will furnish him with food for reflection on the growth of language, and so of the human mind, and it will make him more humble and modest when he comes to realise that Latin of the classical period was not just the language of the gods but perhaps rather the language of a coterie—a very refined and very powerful and brilliant coterie, but still, a coterie. He will study the verbs *ser* and *estar*—it will take him a long time, and probably he will never master them entirely—and he will wonder why the *esse* of Horace and Virgil vanished whilst the popular *essere* remained. He will find that the Latin *mare* has become in Spanish both *el mar* and *la mar*, and he will spend much time, profitably, in discovering the difference in usage and signification of the article. Here is, if you like, a study in metaphysics. He will find ready to his hand a study in intonation as illustrated by the splitting of vowels and other devices adopted by the Spaniards, and he will learn how new tenses are evolved in a perfectly natural and rational way, and, having gone so far forward in process of time, he will feel inclined also to go backward to Sanskrit and Persian and learn that his beloved Latin was only a stage in the march of the human intellect, and this thought will have a sobering as well as a bracing effect on him.

I feel that I have touched only the fringe of the subject. I have much to say on behalf of this Falstaff, but must leave that much to other writers or to other occasions. I hope I have said enough to whet your readers' appetite for something more and better.

Yours, etc.,

C. D. CAMPBELL.

FREE SCHOOLING FOR THE POOR.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Briars, Northwick Park,

Harrow,

4 September 1915.

SIR,—In your issue of to-day you express a fear that the spending of public money on the education of the working classes has had no good result. I would like to make known a strong contrary opinion, if you will give me room to do so.

I believe, confidently and most thankfully, that the splendid rush of our young men to serve the King and save the country is due in its finest and noblest aspect to the years they have spent in our elementary schools. They lay down their lives, they lose their limbs, they leave home and mother or wife and children, they endure hardship after hardship, all to help drive back the enemy to justice and freedom, and I am certain they are strengthened in their resolve to do this by the teachings incessantly given them in their schools. In these they get such lessons as tell them what it is to belong to the United Kingdom and the Colonies. They are taught discipline in every detail there—the discipline of the roll-call, the arrangement of apparatus. They are taught physical drill (in the open air when possible); some are scouts; they are taught swimming; they sing hymns; they are taught songs of patriotism, and with skill; they have libraries,

Bands of Mercy to teach kindness to animals, and Bands of Hope to lead them to temperance; they are taught honour, the honour that gives them self-respect and the respect for others, for truth, for the right of those surrounding them; and if this is not the leading-path to good results—the very groundwork on which the reason stands for placing the young under the instructed—then farewell to education anywhere in any class. It has no value.

Of course, there are cases of insubordination at times in these poor schools; there are boys who will be dishonest, there are boys who will lie; no magic has yet been devised to keep incidents of this kind from our costliest public schools; and let me add the fact that the method of the schools of which I write is prompt and humane, and it has its successes. As a voluntary visitor and manager for many years (now retired), I speak of what I know, and with entire assurance that the endurance, the bravery, the cheerful readiness, the heroism, prevailing now in the field and on the deck, burn all the brighter and the deeper for the State-help given to parents who could not afford to educate their children themselves.

A capital instance of the spirit engendered lies in a letter from a young fellow to his mother, who has three other sons wearing the khaki. He was writing from France, from the very trench, and he said: "Well, it is a big job, but it must be done, and I must do my part of it".

I am, Sir,
Yours very faithfully,
JEANETTE HUMPHREYS.

SOME HISTORICAL PROPHECIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

65, Springfield Road, N.W.,
4 September 1915.

SIR.—Much has been said about the alteration of the map of Europe when the present war is terminated. But how much history will need erosion or revision also? Your correspondent delights in reading Mr. Justin McCarthy's "A History of Our Own Times", for example, but Mr. McCarthy states, when writing of the expressed willingness of the Boer leaders to acknowledge the supremacy of the British Crown: "One interesting testimonial to this feeling of cordial acceptance of the new order of things is to be found in the dedication of the volume called 'Three Years' War', written by General De Wet, which he dedicates 'To my fellow-subjects of the British Empire'".

Praise of De Wet follows, and then this asseveration:

"It is impossible not to believe that when a man of such prominence in war, and who held so high a place in the estimation of the South African populations, thus publicly pledged himself to a willing allegiance towards the conquering empire, he must have written the words in full sincerity and with good hopes for the future."

In full sincerity, indeed! Events have made Mr. Justin McCarthy's "impossible" converted into "possible" only too truly.

A sequence of present-day intelligences from the Dardanelles has shown how the Turks have come off second-best in hand-to-hand fighting with such troops as our brave Australian and other forces.

Yet, what did Sir Archibald Alison write? In Chapter 69 of his "History of Europe" we find these words as descriptive of desperate Turkish defences of the breaches of fortified towns: "In the deadly strife which then ensues the superior equipments and skill in the use of arms of the Turks generally prove superior to the discipline of the Europeans: in personal contests the bayonet is no match for the scimitar. . . . It may readily be conceived that when the Christian columns, armed only with the bayonet, out of breath and disordered by the rush and ascent of the breach, find themselves suddenly assailed in front and on both flanks by such antagonists so armed, it is seldom indeed that they can come off victorious; and, in fact, it would never so happen, were it not that the Ottomans, though constitution-

ally brave, are sometimes seized with unaccountable panics, which lead them to flight at a time when the means of victory are still in their power." Referring further to the Turkish mode of fighting, the same author states: "It requires no small steadiness even in veteran troops to withstand such a charge. In close or single combat, whether in the field or in the breach, the European bayonet has never proved a match for the Turkish scimitar; and no other nation is likely to find it more efficacious, when it failed in the hands of the French grenadiers in the breach of Acre, and of the Russian infantry on the ramparts of Roudschouk."

This "is likely" clearly was meant to apply to the future for an indefinite period. Historians not infrequently are too fatally positive.

It is more refreshing to refer to the prospects of Italy at the beginning of the nineteenth century, as defined in Sismondi's "Italian Republics": "Italy is crushed; but her heart still beats with the love of liberty, virtue, and glory: she is chained and covered with blood; but she still knows her strength and her future destiny: she is insulted by those for whom she has opened the way to every improvement; but she feels that she is formed to take the lead again: and Europe will know no repose till the nation which, in the dark ages, lighted the torch of civilisation with that of liberty, shall be enabled herself to enjoy the light which she has created".

Yours faithfully,
ALGERNON WARREN.

THE TEACHING OF RUSSIAN.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

The Russia Society,
47, Victoria Street, London, S.W.,
1 September 1915.

SIR.—As the time has come when arrangements are being made for special autumn classes in schools; and as there is reason to believe that in past years teachers of Russian were often merely disguised German agents working against Russia; we should be glad to be allowed to state, for the information of those interested in scholastic matters, that the Russia Society is now prepared to recommend competent and reliable Russian teachers (ladies and gentlemen) as well as lecturers.

It is needless to point out that the lack of at least elementary preparation in students who wish to take up Russian in the curricula arranged at the higher educational establishments and universities is a serious handicap both to the students themselves and to the standard of such curricula. Some familiarity, however elementary, with the language would place students in the same advantageous position as that enjoyed by those students of French and German who continue their studies at a university, and would enable the teaching staff to avoid the loss of time spent on the mere rudiments of the language.

We would, therefore, appeal to headmasters and headmistresses in this country to reciprocate as far as possible the work of the Russian schools, which have recently made English obligatory, by teaching at least as much Russian in our own schools as was taught of German before the war; and we would remind parents that it is impossible to overrate the advantage which an adequate knowledge of the Russian language will give, and already does give, to young men starting in a business career. It may be added that, funds permitting, the Society hopes in due course to offer prizes and scholarships, both for advanced and elementary Russian.

We have the honour to remain, Sir,
Your obedient servants,
(Signed) BERNARD MALLET,
Chairman, Education Committee.
(Signed) JAMES A. MALCOLM,
Honorary Secretary.

THE WAR AND MUNICIPALITIES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

St. Kilda, 22, Baxter Avenue,
Southend-on-Sea,
4 September 1915.

SIR.—Of course, "F. R. S." had no opportunity of seeing my letter which appears in to-day's issue above his, but when "F. R. S." asks: "Do we pay any less for education because the functions of the School Board were taken over by the L.C.C.?" I fear he has very little practical knowledge of the subject, or of the methods of the Progressives on the L.C.C., in Parliament, or at the Board of Education. The result of the absorption of the School Board by the L.C.C. is that the money that was formerly spent upon officialdom—and all that is conned by that term—is now devoted to the teachers and the children, a consummation much to be desired by all intelligent ratepayers. But as "F. R. S." would say, heaven forfend I should defend our present impracticable and needlessly costly system (*sic*) of education! The fault, however, does not lie with the L.C.C., nor with the Provincial Authorities, but with the Board of Education. The Board has been piling up for years a stupendous annual expenditure for itself and urging—nay, forcing—the local authorities to emulate its example. But money "spent" upon officialism is not money "spent" upon education. The passing away of the London School Board leaves the apathetic ratepayer one body less to vote for; and its functions are well performed by its successor, with less officialdom, subject to the action of the Board of Education and its friends in Parliament. With regard to the Water Board, your correspondent appears to have less knowledge of the subject.

Previous to the formation of the Water Board London was served by several companies whose first care was for dividends. Has your correspondent forgotten the scandals at the East End for years, which threatened the health of London by epidemics of zymotic disease on several occasions?

The fundamental idea of the Water Board was not "economy" as your correspondent understands the term, but the supplying of the people with an efficient water supply at a moderate and a uniform rate. Surely the Water Board up to now has achieved the hope of its promise?

The mightiest city in the world has a water supply *par excellence*.

Pure water is a first necessity, like the atmosphere, and the people of London have it in abundance. Surely 5 per cent. upon a man's assessment is not too much to pay for this priceless service?

Yours truly,

H. R. GAWEN GOGAY,

Ex-Member of the old unreformed Newington Vestry, created under the Metropolis Local Management Act, 1855, now the Borough of Southwark, S.E., and Ex-Member of St. Saviour's Union, London, S.E.

THE CHIFFCHAFF.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

September 1915.

SIR.—It may interest some of your readers to know that the chiffchaff returned to song this year on 29 August: it was silent through the hot weather, but the storms and wind of that morning and the overcast skies gave it a voice again.

At this season the chiffchaff's near relative, the lovely little willow-warbler, usually strikes up anew after several weeks of silence in July and August, but so far I happen not to have heard it.

As to the third member of the family, the wood-warbler, I think it rarely or never sings again in the late summer.

Yours faithfully,
A BIRD-LOVER.

REVIEWS.

THE SOLDIER-SEER.

"The Story of Lord Roberts." By Harold F. B. Wheeler. Harrap. 1915. 3s. 6d. net.

REVIEWED BY WALTER SHAW SPARROW.

M R. WHEELER has written eight or nine good books on military and naval history, and his appeal has been made to that general reader who really reads. His three handbooks on Napoleon, his stories of Nelson and Wellington, are as good as they need be, so charmed are they with modesty, sincerity, and a lively choice of the best materials. Mr. Wheeler's method is direct and unpretending: it tells a tale, and it acts as an interpreter between the professional soldier and a democratic public. This method, far less common than it ought to be, is very difficult to use with tact and skill; but Mr. Wheeler succeeds as a rule, probably because he is so much in earnest that he never tries to be a "stylist", a man of far-sought and dear-bought phrasing and sentence-making. Sometimes he employs more words than are necessary; but his prose has life and movement, and it keeps very close to the pith of great topics.

In his story of Lord Roberts, recently published, Mr. Wheeler is at his best, and we are grateful for the manliness that directs his judgment. He sees in perspective a long and scattered life, which is brought very near to us all by our love for Lord Roberts. Had he seen the subject out of focus, detailed and coloured mainly with recent events, no critic in the circumstances would have been surprised. But Mr. Wheeler does enough justice to every phase of a very eventful life, from the days when Roberts, like Nelson, was a delicate boy with a masterly will, onward to the times when the wise soldier-seer passed through the tragical eclipse of his truth to a noble death in our huge war whose coming he had foreseen for at least ten years. In July 1905, a year after the Duke of Norfolk's Commission on the Militia and Volunteers had issued its admirable report, Lord Roberts said: "Will our fellow-countrymen never realise the very grave risks we run—courting disaster, in fact—in attempting to maintain our position in the world under such eminently inadequate conditions as now exist, and when all the nations in Europe are so many nations in arms?" The Duke of Norfolk's Commission put the truth in greater detail, asking for "a home defence army capable in the absence of the whole or the greater portion of the Regular forces of protecting this country against invasion", and declaring that this democratic army could be "raised and maintained only on the principle that it is the duty of every citizen of military age and sound physique to be trained for the nation's defence and to take part in it should emergency arise".

To appoint a Commission and to neglect its verdict is one of the Gilbertian whims of our party system. But this fact was no solace to Lord Roberts, whose political vigilance was all of a piece with his military ardour. In 1905, after revisiting South Africa, he decided reluctantly that the Norfolk Commission had told no more than evident facts; National Service appealed to him now as a necessity; and he tried to persuade the Unionist Government to accept his views and to act on them. He failed, of course. Party has never been heroic; and already the supergood were scheming to fix on the Unionists a new iniquity, nothing less than "a blood-tax" named Conscription. It was a cry to win votes; so it was virtuous and valuable. Meantime Lord Roberts had resigned his seat on the Committee of National Defence, and, at the age of seventy-four, had begun to advocate his long-sighted policy. To educate the pacifist Press and its fool-illusions, and to get from other dreaming sections of the public some active common sense: here, indeed, was a difficult adventure, which could not possibly succeed, though it rallied to its cause a little party of vigilants. Truth is much too simple ever to be very

effective in the falsity and violence of party conflicts. Lord Roberts was defeated by the weak and foolish, mainly because he had no humbug to mix up with his truth. His policy was out of touch with the hustings. It spoke of self-denial, not of self-interest. Worse still, it invited the public to prepare for defence while Germany was preparing for attack; whereas the aim of its opponents was to unnerve the country with party discord while chattering to all the rest of mankind about the blessedness of concord. Yes, briefly, Lord Roberts wanted to prevent war; and M. Clemenceau, understanding this fact, urged that Lord Roberts should receive the Nobel Peace Prize!

Few persons believe to-day that the great little statesman made no miscalculation. His military scheme, though good, was a compromise, designed to soothe his opponents, because he believed the Empire would suffer grievously, perhaps disastrously, if National Service became a party question. In this view there were—and there are still—three generous misconceptions: (1) that no concession either would or could find reason in the pacifist Press; (2) that this fact gave—and it gives to this day—a party colouring to the controversy over National Service; and (3) that the side of obvious right ought never to yield in a bargain to the side of obvious wrong. Nothing less than a complete thoroughness has a just place in military prevision. Our country needed at least 500,000 men, with well-trained reserves, ready to meet at any moment an invasion of Belgium, because a trustee is in honour bound to be fit and prepared for emergencies. And even half a million soldiers at the right moment and in the right place will ever be in modern war more useful than three times as many in the second year of a long-threatened conflict. To have saved Namur and Antwerp would have been the most cruel blow that Germany could have suffered during the first cyclone of her vainglory.

Lord Roberts's plan, being a compromise, was not liked by some very ardent devotees of National Service, and it placated no illusionist. None the less it was a democratic plan or scheme, and compromise in our country is an inveterate habit, like bargaining in Eastern bazaars. We cheapen what is most dear to us and most necessary. In another matter also Lord Roberts, with all his great foresight, went as wide of the mark as all our experts and specialists, setting rather too much value on rifle marksmanship and rather too little on machine-guns and on high-explosive shell fire. Napoleon realised that big guns inspire confidence and tenacity, and prepare a way for a victory at close quarters. Yet our troops were undergunned, unlike the German. No one in England perceived fully that land warfare, like our preparations for sea warfare, must obey the advance of scientific armaments and become pre-eminently a warfare of rapid fire with large and small artillery.

Altogether, from 1905 onward, Lord Roberts spoke his mind frankly on the national aspects of war. He found in the public no sympathetic pride in the daily work of our Army. People received their safety as a matter of course, cleared from their minds all the lessons of the South African War, and looked upon defence as a thing quite outside their own lives. Did they not hire men to fight for them and to die for them? and did they not pay the piper? What more could a noble democracy do in an age of dropsical egoism? Lord Roberts always maintained that our system of enlistment, which in ordinary times produced 35,000 men per annum, was anti-national; not genuine volunteering, but "the Conscription of Hunger", offering a rate of payment below market values. He knew, too, that a long and prosperous peace made his countrymen querulous, undisciplined, intensely selfish, much too fond of pleasure, much too afraid of unpleasant truth, devoted to shams, to silly delusions. He said also: "Even in the Anglo-Saxon race, which is as vigorous as any in the world, we find that a long peace breeds a complaining and luxurious spirit, to which every hardship and every little inconvenience

become an intolerable injustice". But he was never angry with his own times and their tetchy, anaemic fads, because he saw that ordinary life had developed a very horrible strife that pressed unequally on the people, compiling year after year from the lower classes mainly its huge lists of casualties, while striking vast numbers into a fetid misery. On this point he wrote in October 1911: "The conditions amid which millions of our people are living appear to me to make it natural that they should not care a straw under what rule they may be called upon to dwell, and I can quite understand their want of patriotic feeling". Here, indeed, is a vital message for to-day—and for the future also. When workmen tell us, amid loud applause from the pacifist Press and from Syndicalists also, that National Service would be used to thwart their battles for improved conditions of life they say what is untrue; but the cruelties of industrialism have prepared their minds for the acceptance of wrongful suspicions. Those who visit the slums of any large town know very well that nothing less than National Service in its widest or Carlylian meaning will have power to humanise the inequalities of industrial contests and conflicts.

If the working classes understood Lord Roberts they would understand National Service also, and would delight to remember what Lord Rosebery, in December 1912, said of him:—

"I know no more pathetic or touching spectacle than that of this old hero, full of years and honours, giving up the last years of his life to urge on his countrymen what he believes to be the alarming facts with regard to their military organisation, a task onerous and unpopular, but from which he does not shrink. I believe that history, when it comes to sum up this time, will regard it as one of the most astonishing facts in our record and generation that we should turn a heedless and inattentive ear to the warnings, full of weight and full of experience, of the greatest soldier we are privileged to possess."

Not the greatest soldier only, but the greatest statesman also.

THE LITERARY MAN'S NEW TESTAMENT.

"The Literary Man's New Testament." By W. L. Courtney. Chapman and Hall. 10s. 6d. net.

THE Englishman who responds sensitively to true literature, whether he is of the strictly literary class or not, is as regards the Bible in essentially the same position as the educated Greek was in regard to Homer after criticism had done a certain amount of work. He was met both by a literary and a theological problem. It would affect the Greek's view of theology to accept even the simplest form of Homeric literary historical criticism—the separation into the two Homers of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. But he would not lose much pleasure in them as literature; and in this he had an advantage over the Englishman. The Englishman is naturally less aesthetic than the Greek, and besides he inherits a tradition of more inflexible theological dogma which further helps to obscure the literary aspect of his sacred books. Literary historical criticism, new views as to the conditions in which the books first appeared, may disturb and upset his beliefs, and he too easily may lose a pleasurable zest for the books as literature. It is a paradox, but Englishmen who get most pleasure from reading the Bible are not the classes whose literary taste is educated. Their emotions are stirred uninterruptedly because they have no reason to suspect the writers who move them; while the literary man, having at least heard of the "higher criticism", knows that the authors are often uncertain and their periods vague. Very probably the more or less definite knowledge of the educated classes that this uncertainty exists has had more effect on the pleasure taken in the Bible as literature than on belief in established Christian doctrine.

If the New Testament were simply literature it would be unreasonable to allow controversial questions as to authors and dates to spoil the pleasure of reading it. But, to compare it again with the Homeric literature, it is the record of the development of a religion; and when doubts are thrown upon books of this kind the trouble and embarrassment they cause belief are bound somewhat to injure them as literature. The ordinary educated reader is more likely to suffer than the scholar, just because his dissatisfaction is vague and undefined. Unfortunately whether it be Homeric literature or New Testament literature the controversies about these mixed questions of literature, history and belief have produced a vast number of difficult books, from which the layman is cut off both by the shortness of life and his lack of scholarship. He will be greatly indebted to anyone who with sufficient qualifications will go over the ground for him and "vulgarise", in the French sense, the broad results of modern criticism and enquiry. This to a certain extent Dr. Courtney has done in his helpful and informing work. Thus he has re-arranged all the books of the New Testament in a probable order of sequence, beginning with the Epistle of James, followed by the Pauline Epistles, and then by the Gospels of Mark, Matthew, Luke (so disposed), the Acts, and lastly the Johannine Writings, including the Gospel, the Epistles, and the Apocalypse. To each of these he prefixes a short dissertation on its characteristics and its relation to the other writings; and besides this, and more particularly, an account as to probable authorship and dates, giving the traditional and the modern views, with the reasons for and against the attribution. Though almost all specific dates and assigned authors are problematical there is enough discernible historical sequence of the books to enable the development of the Christian religion to be traced as one amongst many religions of the times that were active and flourishing, the Hellenistic and Oriental cults to which Christianity offers a number of striking resemblances. This course of development, as Dr. Courtney remarks in his general introduction, is the question in which modern scholarship is most interested. Disputes as to specific authorship or accurate and exact dating of books, with which earlier sceptical criticism was chiefly occupied, are now regarded as of secondary importance. The value of the re-arrangement of the books is that it does thus record broadly the appearance of the books in the historical progress of the religion, and helps to that clarification of his ideas which the "literary" man requires for intelligent reading. This re-arrangement and these dissertations, based on the long enquiry undertaken by scholarship into the origin of the books, and made by Dr. Courtney for the benefit of his fellow literary men who are interested from the same point of view as he is himself in the New Testament, must have been the most difficult and perplexing part of his labours. It is not the most easily read, but it is the most useful part of the book. The literary man may complain of the introduction; may think that it is indeed too easily read, and that Dr. Courtney is somewhat tantalising in suggesting topics without satisfying the curiosity he awakens in his reader. There is, for example, the relation of St. Paul's theology to the Oriental mystery religions, and Mithraism, which "looked at one time as if in its long contest with Christianity it would conquer". It may be that Dr. Courtney felt that a fuller treatment of the influence of such cults on Christian teaching might lead him too far into the dangerous domain of theology, or that, indeed, the knowledge we have is too uncertain. He, however, makes his own conclusions clear. In an interesting passage he says: The main point which distinguishes Christianity from so-called mysteries, Hellenistic and Oriental, is that it is based on the Cross of Christ, together with the kindred ideas of the necessity of faith and the promulgation of some definite rules of ethical conduct—all of which are either non-existent or only found in very shadowy forms in the Eastern cults. As to other

conceptions—the dying God, baptism, partaking of the God, death with him and a rise to a new life, these in one sense may be held to be common, although in the two cases they are animated by different ideas and devoted to different purposes. Nor must it be forgotten that in Paul's view Christian ritual is based on a Divine person who actually existed, while the objects of adoration in the Eastern cults, so far as we know, were not necessarily persons that had existed, but types and myths. On the whole it would seem that Hellenistic and Oriental religions had a very considerable influence both on the thoughts and on the terminology of Paul. But it is difficult to prove that his doctrines of redemption and justification by faith are the mere outcome of what he discovered in the Mysteries.

THE EREMIT.

"*The Incendium Amoris of Richard Rolle of Hampole.*"
Edited by Margaret Deanesly. Manchester: University Press. 10s. 6d. net.

RICHARD ROLLE of Hampole made the saint's progress. At the age of nineteen he fled the "few and transitory delights of the world", became an "eremite", and thereafter so bore the test of human scrutiny that "living he was honoured and dead was buried and sainted". He died in the year 1349. Fuller mentions with respect his strict life and books of piety, whilst carping at his prophetic predictions as "but a degree above almanac prognostications" that sometimes hit, sometimes miss. "However", declares the historian grimly, "since it becomes me not ἀγωνάζειν, let him pass for a saint".

The "Officium et Legenda de Vita Ricardi Rolle" gives certain of the acts of this mediaeval saint, who was, however, never officially canonised. For evidence of his interior life we have the "Incendium Amoris" and the "De Emendacione Vita", Englished in 1435 and 1434 respectively by Richard Misyn, Theological Prior of Lincoln and Carmelite. Both works have been published by the Early English Text Society. The exterior life of a contemplative is in general of small interest save as it illustrates the mental and spiritual constitution. It then may somewhat resemble the decorative border of some important main-piece, and "as an unskilful beholder not discerning the excellency of the principal piece . . . gazes only on the fair border and goes no further", so may the general public look upon the mere "Legenda" of a holy saint. Yet exterior acts make plain the interior condition, and those personal details that may be dispensed with in the case of a Thomas à Kempis can help to warrant the teaching of a Richard of Hampole. In Rolle's person the agreement between exterior and interior life appears singularly complete. The story, for example, of his leaving Oxford at the age of nineteen to retire into a lonely wood for purposes of meditation proves him possessed of the true eremitic instinct, that instinct which first separates a man from his fellows, enclosing him so surely within the cell of self that there needs no ecclesiastical seal upon his reclusion. In mediaeval as in earlier times minds "innocent and quiet" welcomed in hermit's life their own equation. "An eremite", as Rolle himself defines, "is one that flees the fellowship of man".

With a trend towards the solitary life and a no less marked disinclination for formal inclusion and stereotyped precision the young aspirant "carves" himself a habit from his sister's gowns, his father's cloak, and forthwith hies him to the woods. Soon, on the vigil of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, he enters a certain church and kneels down to pray in the wonted place of the Lady Dalton, whose son it proves he had known at Oxford. She forbids her servants to disturb him. Next day the strangely-clad fellow appears again, puts on now a surplice "without any bidding" and sings matins and the office of the Mass with the rest. Moreover, after blessing from the priest, he possesses the pulpit and preaches in a manner

to stir and deeply edify all that are present. In such manner passes his informal initiation. Afterwards, we are told, Sir John Dalton made him his guest at dinner, and upon test of his sanity and singleness of purpose gave him a habit and assigned him a cell near, if not in, the manor house itself. Here he lived a life of peaceful study and contemplation until Lady Dalton's death, when he removed to another abode, and to yet another, wandering at length so much as to give rise to "bakbyttingis a-gayns me" and charges of over delicate requirement in feeding and lodgment. The last years were passed in a cell near the Cistercian Priory at Hampole, whose nuns collected the "Legenda" and inspired the first Englishing of "Incendium Amoris".

It is not easy to "place" Rolle as a mystic. His independent spirit defies classification. "But", Miss Deanesly says, "while all the evidence points to his having had only a second-hand acquaintance with the Continental mystics his inheritance of a deposit of mystical thought is quite clear". It was his to handle this inheritance with unusual simplicity. He did not mysterise his mysticism. The joys of his interior consciousness were those that would follow naturally upon his avowed aim "to love more burningly, to sing more sweetly, to feel more plenteously the sweetness of love". A writer of lyrics, he knew in spiritual song the highest expression of spiritual love, even as did S. Ambrose, our own George Herbert, and, in later time, John Keble. A remarkable similarity of inspiration and mystical experience is suggested by a passage in the "Incendium Amoris" and one in the "Christian Year". "There are", says John Keble of the self-enclosed, "with whom the melodies abide Of th' everlasting chime; who carry music in their heart. . . Plying their daily task with busier feet, Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat."

"Within himself", says Rolle of the devout hermit, "heavenly noises sound, and full sweet melody makes merry the solitary man".

Miss Deanesly's chief study has been devoted to "working out the text and to the endeavour to trace the history of the text from the ownership of the various manuscripts". All students of early English authors must thank her for the thorough manner in which she has fulfilled this task.

THE LITTLE TOWNS OF FLANDERS.

"The Little Towns of Flanders." Twelve Woodcuts by Albert Delstanche. With Notes by the Artist, and a Prefatory Letter from Emile Verhaeren. Edition limited to 525 numbered copies. Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d. net.

IT was a joy to travel in old Flanders among the wet greys and the fluid browns of very neat and busy farmlands; among the woodlands deep and rich, and the shy valleys where Nature tried in vain to be free and easy; and among the venerated old towns where present and past were always united and quite happy together. "The very stones of our towns", writes Verhaeren, "are like memories, mustered and brought together throughout the ages, so that they have become mingled with our inmost thoughts and feelings, a pile of little souls, as it were, massed and cemented in a bond of perfect sympathy. Thus our houses, public buildings, churches, are the solid affirmations of all that is most profound and secret in ourselves; and a whole race of men expresses itself, so to say, in each one of its monuments. It is in some such manner, is it not, that we think of our country, or at least that part of our country where the little towns of Flanders are?"

Or rather *were*: for, indeed, while M. Delstanche, here in London, was cutting these admirable wood blocks, working from his notes and from rough sketches and vivid recollections, Prussianised war went on its way, a ruthless demon. Ypres, Dixmude, Furnes, Termonde, Nieuport, Malines, Louvain are

lives maimed or lives lost; and their renewal after the war, however faithfully achieved, will be a tragedy of newness. Stones do not live until the generations—a great many generations—have humanised them, and only an artist here and there represents, in ancient and weathered architecture, the citizen soul of past ages. Delstanche at his best is one, like Méryon; and his method, unlike Méryon's, is not crisp and fine and intensely concentrated, but fluently broad, and ripe in its opulent tone and line, with a magic shorthand that gives in a quiver of light and shade the impression of old buildings and the movement of town affairs.

Gothic architecture is hope, an ascending hope; it grows upward with the inspiration of our Christian faith; it never weighs down upon the earth, like Classic architecture; and M. Delstanche, in three or four woodcuts, has attained the poetry of this aerial flight. . . . His notes, too, are excellent. The artist knows that tragedy increases love, that Belgium to-day is to the world the Jeanne d'Arc of little nations.

A POLITICAL STORY.

"The Freelands." By John Galsworthy. Heinemann. 6s.

FROM Mr. John Galsworthy we have learnt to expect a certain type of "intellectual" novel. He is out not to titillate the reader's palate but to arouse thought. Like his author-character, Felix Freeland, in his new novel, he does not write "the jolly old romance which one could read well enough and enjoy till it sent you to sleep after a good day's work". His aim is didactic. Essentially he is a preacher who finds in fiction his pulpit; and his fiction, like Felix Freeland's, is generally "critical, acid, destructive sort of stuff".

That he is in earnest, that he tells the truth of things as he sees it, is abundantly in evidence. But the fiction-writer with a mission is always a dubious and somewhat dangerous person. With puppets that answer to your bidding you can prove any proposition. With a little careful shifting of lights you can insure that your audience shall see only just what you wish and in the way that you wish. Now Mr. John Galsworthy has been hailed and widely accepted as a clear-headed thinker who looks facts fearlessly in the face as an impartial and scientific observer of life. He is read by many not as a skilful novelist with a distinctive if somewhat mannered style, but on account of his "views". He is so fair, so unbiased, they say. He can see both sides of a question. It is time that this idea of Mr. John Galsworthy was exploded. A careful reading of his novels, and especially of his latest novel, reveals him in quite another light. He may see life but he does not see it whole. He is a fanatic with a very palpable axe to grind. His semblance of disinterestedness is like that of the practised advocate who, while adroitly colouring facts to suit his own purpose, knows that he may defeat his own ends if he overstates his case. That Mr. Galsworthy firmly believes in his own cause renders him all the more dangerous.

In all Mr. Galsworthy's novels and plays may be traced the revolutionary. He uses fiction and play-writing as a propagandist, rendering his tracts palatable by copious draughts of sexuality. "The Freelands" is a violent attack upon property, upon the monied classes. It is the people at the top who need reformation. They are cold, blind, unjust, selfish and arrogant. They are responsible for the evil and the tyranny of the world. "There is a superstition in this country" he writes, "that people are free. . . . No one is free who cannot pay for freedom." With admirable satire and many a shrewd hit that rightly comes home he aims at proving this proposition by telling the story of a characteristically British family, divided against itself it is true, but all tarred by the brush of monied respectability, however much they try to throw off its shackles. John, Stanley, Felix and Tod Freeland are four brothers of a prosperous family. Belonging to the landed class they have struck out various lines for themselves, and they stand in

Mr. Galsworthy's story for various types of opinion. John is the type of solid Philistine, a pillar of the Home Office, an ardent believer in officialism. Stanley, the commercial member of the family, who has made a fortune out of ploughs, stands for the type which prattles about land reform and thinks officialism and idealism the two curses of the country. Felix is the successful author who wants to make the best of both worlds, and who has views on all subjects. Tod is a back-to-nature man, who has abjured his class and married a Celtic firebrand named Kirsteen. He represents the type who believe the world can be renovated by communion with Nature and by abandoning the comforts of life. With these four distinct types and various other characters, most of whom represent some pet opinion or phase of thought, Mr. Galsworthy, it must be confessed, makes much play, leavening the lump with a very passionate pair of lovers.

But although Mr. Galsworthy has thrown in the lovers as the jam to disguise his medicine, it is quite obvious that he cares very little about their love-making. It is their opinions that matter. And they hold forth in fine style. "Walk through this country as we've walked; see the pigsties' the people live in; see the water they drink; see the tiny patches of ground they have; see the way their roofs let in the rain; see their peeky children; see their patience and their hopelessness; see them working day in and day out, and coming on the parish at the end! See all that, and then talk about reason! Reason! It's the coward's excuse and the rich man's excuse for doing nothing."

That is Hyde Park tub-thumping.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

"*Conspectus: Latin at Sight.*" By Hedley V. Taylor. Macmillan. 2s. 6d.

"*Intermediate Oral Latin Reader.*" By Frank Jones. Blackie. 2s.

Although Mr. Taylor's "*Conspectus*" is primarily intended for sight translation of Latin sentences and passages into English, its study is likely to help considerably in the writing of Latin prose. The author asks that the examples he gives shall be studied carefully, and he calls particular attention to the differences in idiom between the two languages. "School jargon" is rightly the object of his hostility. Such phrases as "Be unwilling to believe" or "Not concerning a thing of no moment" fall often from the lips and pens of boys working on Cicero, and account for the belief generally prevalent in lower forms that the classics are nonsense. So, indeed, they are when given this kind of treatment, and Mr. Taylor's purpose has been to provide a book which shall encourage the rendering of Latin into correct and even living English. Several birds, one fancies, are likely to be killed by the stone he has thrown. The study of idiomatic differences, and of the differences between the habits of the Latin and English sentence, as well as insistence on the *mot juste*, must act favourably in all directions. There is no practical reason why the same hour should not be employed in teaching the right use of both languages. The "*Conspectus*" is one of the most useful school books we have seen for a long time.

Mr. Jones's "*Reader*" is mainly composed of extracts from Cicero and Martial, and is intended for boys not quite ready for a whole "author". The introduction to the various lessons, and the pictorial illustrations, help to make the work interesting, whilst the questions set in Latin should serve to familiarise the boys with the sound of the language, whilst creating an early habit of studying subject matter as well as translation.

"*Social and Industrial History of England.*" By F. W. Tickner. Arnold. 3s. 6d.

The recognition now so widely given to the value of English history as a subject for regular attention at school has scarcely been met by an adequate supply of books on the economic development of our country. Doubtless it is easier to interest a class in stories of kings and battles than in such seemingly vague subjects as the life of the people, but in the pursuit of knowledge such difficulties have to be overcome, and Mr. Tickner's book gives aid on the way. The vague things take form under his handling. Life is restored to old societies, and the first glimpses given to a young scholar of political economy assure him that it is with no dismal science that he deals. This book, which brings us from Roman times to our own in between six and seven hundred pages is not without its touches of pageantry, but it is the romance of reality which it reveals. Very little that has been essential in the life of the people has escaped the author, whether in regard to trade, literature,

sport, imperial development, industrial enterprise and invention, religious belief, social changes, navy or army. The writer's expressions of opinion seem generally sound, and the book can be strongly recommended.

"*Commercial Geography.*" By A. L. Curr. Black. 3s. 6d.

If this book is likely to produce anything in the nature of a reaction against the teaching of nothing but physical geography in schools, it certainly deserves a very warm welcome. Mountains and rivers have their right places in the landscape, but when confined between the pages of a text-book they almost invariably lose their interest, and, even when illustrated, they are not particularly convincing. Mr. Curr, it seems to us, writes of matters of more immediate moment. He remembers nature, but he does not omit the part played in the world by man, and he keeps in mind the ways in which man and nature work together. Modern teachers often appear to treat geography as though it had no connection with the human race. Towns and political boundaries seem to concern them not at all. We are, however, strongly of opinion that pupils will derive a good deal more practical benefit from learning of things as they are than from a too nice application to study of times when the world was a vast mass of gas. Mr. Curr does a good deal towards restoring common sense to the subject. His book is suitable for senior classes at school, and intermediate classes of higher educational centres.

"*Numerical Examples in Physics.*" By H. S. Jones. Bell. 3s. 6d.

"*Plane Trigonometry.*" By H. L. Reed. Bell. 3s. 6d.

The best foundation for knowledge of physics is obviously to be gained by personal work in the laboratory, but it is always advisable that this should be supplemented by due numbers of numerical exercises. In this way only can the full results of laboratory work be appreciated. Mr. Jones's book will, we think, appeal to a good many teachers of science. His examples have a practical character, and the arrangement of his chapters is on sane lines, though this can be varied at will. The worked examples will be of distinct value to private students.

Mr. Reed's book on trigonometry is intended for pupils who may be preparing for the army or navy, or for the various university examinations, and, especially, for the Qualifying Examination for the Mechanical Sciences tripos. The book puts the principles of the subject in a plain manner, and gives opportunity for their extensive practice. Early introduction of solution of triangles is a feature of the work which will be generally accepted. Examples drawn from daily life are included in large numbers, and are well chosen.

"*Spenser's Faery Queene: Book V.*" Edited by E. H. Blakeney. Blackie. 1s. 6d.

As Mr. Blakeney says in his short preface, it is a pious work to draw attention to the "*Faery Queene*"—"one of the best things of its kind in the language"—and we are glad to have the opportunity of doing so. Book V., from its simplicity of form, can be recommended as a beginning to the study of the most neglected of our great poets. The editorial notes are to aid young readers, but are only intended as first aid. To read Spenser merely as something to "cram" and as a source of possible "marks" is one of the deadly sins against art, and we commend Mr. Blakeney most heartily for his strong condemnation of any such intention. The master or mistress who cannot convince a class that poetry is a joy had best find some other subject to teach.

"*Marlowe's Edward the Second.*" Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Professors J. W. Holme and T. S. Sterling. Blackie. 2s.

"*The Teacher's Montaigne.*" By Geraldine E. Hodgson, Litt.D. (Trinity College, Dublin). 1915. Blackie. 1s. 6d. net.

Marlowe being a prelude to Shakespeare, he merits far more attention than students give to his work. Professors Holme and Sterling equip their book with a good introduction and with admirable notes; but we suggest to them and the publishers that, in books on great classic plays, a few illustrations would be exceedingly useful, because they would help young readers to see the characters.

From Marlowe to Montaigne is an alliteration of extreme contrast, the one a stormy dawn, the other a chatty, charming solace. It was a happy thought to issue those essays of Montaigne that have a practical bearing on education, and the little philosopher has been treated reverently. Here and there the difficulty of translation betrays itself. Thus on page 85: "We only toil to stuff the memory, leaving judgment and conscience empty". The sentence should run: "We toil only to stuff, etc.". Montaigne complains much of his defective memory, and certainly he has judgment and conscience.

"*Leaders of English Literature.*" By A. F. Bell. 1915. Bell. 2s. net.

Here, in twenty-one readings, Mr. A. F. Bell surveys our literary history from the times of Chaucer to those of Morris, and Swinburne, and Rossetti. He is brief and wise, sympathetic and discreet; his method is to ramble easily through his chosen subjects; he makes no forced march, leaving his readers breath-

less behind him. Also—and this point is equally welcome—he looks for life and character in "the simple great ones gone", and declines to ease himself of thought by quoting. Altogether, he will be a friend in need to a great many persons, we hope and believe. The outside of the book—the cover—might be more cheery.

"Paradise Lost." Books I. and II. With Introduction and Notes by the Rev. J. C. Scrimgeour, M.A. 1915. Macmillan. 2s. 6d. net.

The evident purpose of this book is to entice young readers into a wondrous varied poem. Prof. Scrimgeour ought to succeed in this difficult aim, despite the awe which has gathered about the fame of the Puritan poet. His profuse notes are entertaining and excellent, and his life of Milton, briefly sketched and divided into attractive sections, could not well be bettered. Milton is connected with his family pedigree; and his brother Christopher, too often forgotten, appears first as a Royalist Catholic, and then as a judge in the bad days of Jeffreys.

"La Maison aux Panonceaux." Par Lady Frazer. Avec des Exercices et un Lexique par A. Wilson-Green, M.A. Cambridge University Press. 1915. 1s. 8d.

"Causeries du Lundi: Franklin et Chesterfield." Par C. A. Sainte-Deuve. Edited by A. Wilson-Green. Cambridge University Press. 1915. 2s. 6d.

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The Chairman said: At the extra-ordinary general meeting held on Wednesday, 25 August last, the resolutions which you are now asked to confirm were duly passed. The fourth resolution has been amended in the form in which it is presented to you today, namely, "That there be paid to the directors of the company by way of additional remuneration for their services as directors the sum of £10,000, the same to be divided among them as they may agree, or in default of agreement equally."

Mr. Gavin W. Ralston raised the question of the proposal made for the adjournment of the previous meeting, and contended that under the articles the decision on the point ought to have been left to the shareholders instead of its being ruled out of order from the Chair.

The Chairman said that it was a matter of opinion, but he was legally advised that his ruling was correct. In any case it did not affect the proceedings of the present meeting, which was called pursuant to notice to confirm, or otherwise, the resolutions. He proceeded to move the confirmation of resolutions 1, 2 and 3 for the liquidation of the company voluntarily, with Mr. Harold J. Mitchell and Mr. Matthew B. Dickie as liquidators, and the approval of the draft agreements.

Sir Richard D. Awdry, K.C.B., seconded the motion.

Mr. Ralston said that he felt it his duty, in justice to the directors, to go to the offices after the previous meeting and examine the agreements. He had had them explained to him by Mr. Mitchell, who was most courteous, and after going through them he was bound to say that he could not understand why they should have been kept secret from the shareholders. He was still of opinion that where agreements were concerned it was not well to rely on the word of Germans, and Germans were signatories to these agreements, although it was true that the negotiations had been conducted by a neutral, a solicitor in Christiania. He thought that probably the directors had acted in the shareholders' interests in making these agreements, and he must say that, after reading them, he considered they were the best possible agreements that could have been made.

The motion confirming the three resolutions was carried unanimously.

Mr. R. Storry Deans said he had to propose for confirmation the fourth resolution, under which the directors should be paid the sum of £10,000, to be divided among them as they thought fit, or in default of agreement equally. He was sure that everybody would agree that that sum was a most moderate one, and that the directors might very well have expected a much more ample compensation for loss of office. There was one point to which he wished to make reference. It had gone forward to the Press that the agreements for the sale of the company had been kept secret, but, if his recollection of the notice of the former meeting was right, it contained the usual statement. It was not the practice to publish the whole of such agreements, and Chairmen did not read the whole of such agreements at meetings; no one would understand them if they did; but it was stated that the agreement could be inspected by any shareholder who chose to do so, at the offices of the company, for fourteen days before the last meeting was held. He felt bound to say that in justice to the directors and officers of the company.

Mr. William A. Elston seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

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